VERY UN-BRITISH MINERS **CHARLES FLATO**

THE
NATION

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THE BATTLE OF WISCONSIN

James Rowen

American Technology

The Big Machine Breaks Down

Seymour Melman

BUSSING BATTLE

BAD WEEK IN THE SENATE

Arlie Schardt

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HUGH KENNER'S 'THE POUND ERA'

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EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

The Big Fix

The Republicans have given the Democrats a major issue—really several issues—providentially timed. The Nixon Administration has been caught in an undercover deal, crudely handled. ITT's "gift" to the GOP is a fact. Out-of-court settlement of the ITT-Hartford Fire Insurance litigation is a fact. The relationship between these two facts can be clearly demonstrated.

When Lieut. Gov. Ed Reinecke, with an aide, was in Washington last May 17 to 19 to settle San Diego's selection as the convention site, he spoke to Mitchell about it. He says that the "gift" was discussed because it was part of the package. Now, of course, an attempt is being made to shift the date of this conference forward, to a time after the settlement was announced. But Reinecke was quite specific when first interviewed. Interestingly, he feels that the GOP should "sanitize" itself by returning the money; "you have to play it super clean and super safe." Rep. Robert Wilson, who represented the San Diego district, says that he received word of ITT's promised assistance—on which the San Diego selection largely depended—directly from Harold Geneen, president and board chairman of ITT on May 12, less than a week before the Reinecke-Mitchell meeting. Announcement that the litigation had been settled came quite abruptly, just eight days after ITT's contribution had been firmly pledged.

Attorney General designate Richard Kleindienst said—and testified—that he had nothing to do with the settlement. He was lying. An ITT executive had got in touch with Kleindienst; he had a series of meetings with the top ITT negotiator; he asked the Solicitor General to seek a delay in the litigation after Lawrence Walsh, chief counsel for the ITT, had requested that the government review its anti-merger policies; and he phoned Walsh to say that a settlement had been reached. Richard McLaren, former head of the antitrust division, now a federal judge, denied that pressure for a settlement had come from the White House. Later he "nervously conceded" that a settlement was arrived at after Peter M. Flanigan, a top White House aide, had taken a hand in the matter. To provide McLaren with a convenient rationale, Flanigan arranged for Richard J. Ramsden, a young former White House aide to H. R. Haldeman and personal friend of Flanigan, to prepare a "study." He obligingly did so, and, naturally enough, it favored the idea of a settlement: Ramsden told Flanigan that the firm of which he is a partner handles a pension fund which holds ITT stock, but that didn't trouble Flanigan any more than it bothered McLaren.

A key question is whether the Celler-Kefauver amendments to Section 7 of the Clayton Act bar conglomerate acquisitions. The wording—and intent—are clear that they do; hence a strenuous effort has been made to keep test cases from reaching the Supreme Court. Contrary to what the apologists say, mergers of this sort do *not* promote efficiency and they do present a clear danger to the economy. Efficiency is not the objective. Harold Geneen, a kind of python of business, could not possibly keep track of the fifty-eight U.S. companies and fifty-six foreign companies ITT has acquired since 1960. The record indicates that insoluble management problems have been created by such acquisitions. Conglomerates have the funds to overbid the market price of stocks in companies they seek to acquire; the acquisition is a pure power play. Announcement of a new acquisition boosts the price of the acquiring company's stock and offers insiders a nice chance for profit taking. But conglomerates are always hungry for cash, so they acquire finance and insurance companies which have a large cash flow. Hartford Fire, with a cash flow of $1 billion annually, is a real prize. Such acquisitions could well endanger the stability of insurance companies which are usually asked by the new parent company to declare a dividend as the first order of business. Between 1961 and 1966 ITT acquired companies with assets totaling $3.6 billion. Economists have told Senator Proxmire's committee that the U.S. economy has become enormously concentrated, far more than the public realizes. They point to this concentration as a prime reason why the conventional model of the economy is no longer relevant, And as the present scandal clearly proves, concentrated economic power means large political influence. ITT has been deep in politics for years. Only a strong public protest prevented it from acquiring the ABC television network after the FCC had approved the deal with astonishing dispatch [see "A.B.C. & ITT: Marriage in Haste" by Robert Sherrill, *The Nation,* March 20, 1967].

The Democrats, of course, have a cloudy record on conglomerate mergers. Under Johnson, Donald Turner was named to head the antitrust division. He has long believed that conglomerate acquisitions promote efficiency—the efficient taking over the inefficient—and that they present no danger to the economy unless the conglomerate and the acquired company are in the same industry. Under Turner, no attempt was made to press the issue. Later, when he had returned to the Harvard Law School, Turner repeated his views before a Congressional committee and volunteered the information that he had been retained in two cases involving conglomerate acquisitions which were then in litigation. One was the ITT-Hartford case (*The New York Times,* February 6, 1970). So under the Democrats, suits are simply not brought; that is the "super clean" approach. Under Republican administrations, suits are brought and then fixed.

The issues involved in the current scandal are perfectly clear. The Senate Judiciary Committee must revoke its approval of Kleindienst as Attorney General and if it does not, the Senate should reject the nomination. He has tried to deceive the Senate, the press, the public, and the opposition on a matter of national importance. ITT has splendid counsel; it does not need the services of the Attorney General. Then, too, the ITT settlement should be set aside and the court action pressed all the way to the Supreme Court. The deal now carries a taint; to let it stand would compound the scandal. The SEC should proceed to investigate the charge that seven ITT executives made a sell-off of $1.5 million in stock as a means of cutting their losses when, as part of the settlement, ITT agreed to dispose of certain acquisitions (Hart-

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ford was not included). Hearings should be conducted into the impact of recent conglomerate acquisitions on the economy, with specific reference to the effects on the stability of insurance companies. Both parties should be urged to adopt planks at their conventions calling for strict enforcement of the amendments to Section 7 of the Clayton Act. That the Democratic Party has a bleak record on conglomerate acquisitions does not preclude it from now raising the several aspects of the issue which the Administration has given it. And the mess itself should be thoroughly investigated; there is more to come. The ITT deal involved six Republicans: the President, Mitchell, Haldeman, Kleindienst, Rep. Robert Wilson and Lieutenant Governor Reinecke. Their implication cannot be dismissed as purely inferential or conjectural; it goes much deeper than that as the known facts clearly indicate. This is no tempest in a teapot: it much more closely resembles another Teapot Dome scandal.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The New Hampshire Primary

The primaries, Senator Mansfield assures us, are "useless and worthless." However, the New Hampshire primary offers a good argument for the opposite view, even though the state is not ideal for the purposes of party elections. For one thing, it is not in all respects representative (few Negroes, for example); and in this election not all the Democratic contenders had filed.

The Republican vote of 20 per cent for Rep. Pete McCloskey was, under the circumstances, impressive and significant. McCloskey was not running as a serious contender for the Presidency; he was strictly a protest candidate. If, say, George Romney had been running against Nixon and had polled only one-fifth of the vote, one would be justified in bidding Romney farewell. It should be remembered also that Nixon is not running in 1972 as a conservative, nor is McCloskey an across-the-board liberal; on some issues he is more conservative than Nixon. It should be clear, therefore, that those who voted for him did so, not because they thought Nixon was too conservative or too liberal, but because they either dislike or distrust him or disapprove of his position on the war in Vietnam. Because of these sentiments, McCloskey drew a substantial protest vote. If he stays in the race, and we hope he will, he can cause Nixon real trouble in Rhode Island and Massachusetts and in other states as well.

A primary is supposed to test how candidates perform under stress and to offer insight into their personalities. On the Democratic side, New Hampshire proved to the satisfaction of most observers that Senator McGovern is a better campaigner than Senator Muskie. In the television debate, so lightly dismissed by sections of the press, McGovern scored heavily and came through to viewers as much the stronger, more believable political personality. Muskie had the advantage of speaking last, but his contention that he had reported his campaign expenditures in 1970 when McGovern had not, should have provoked guffaws from the press. Muskie did file his list in 1970, but that was when he was running for the Senate; now he is running for President and has not

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thus far named his backers. And when one reads that ITT's director and chief political manipulator, Felix Rohatyn, has been active in Muskie's campaign, interest in the sources of his campaign funds naturally increases. Also McGovern's strong showing in blue-collar ethnic districts suggests that he does establish an easy rapport with such groups.

By blowing his cool Muskie failed to turn to advantage the excellent opportunity the blustering William Loeb of the *Union Leader* had given him. It is always a danger to be the "front-runner" and Muskie has not managed to avoid it; his performance in New Hampshire failed to demonstrate a capacity to lead the Democrats to victory in November. Perhaps he will make a better showing in the remaining primaries.

The New Hampshire primary also demonstrates that the old-line regular Democratic organization, which backed Muskie, is less effective, in many respects, than the new "counter organization" that McGovern has put together (see article p. 358 this issue). Finally, the first primary demonstrated once again the abysmal foolishness of Sam Yorty. Yorty is through; in fact he never really got started. Even with Loeb's active help and lots of money, he did badly, and so did Rep. John Ashbrook. All of which goes to prove, incidentally, that the influence of the one daily paper in New Hampshire is not very great unless it happens to come down on the popular side of an issue.

Alms to the Colonels

The Congressional ban on sale of arms to the Greek colonels, passed last January, never was worth a damn, because it contained a clause empowering the President to override the embargo whenever, in his judgment, the national security so dictated. Quite predictably, Mr. Nixon has now made this judgment, giving as his reason the cavortings of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean.

Obviously, Mr. Nixon does not expect the colonels to row out and menace the Red cruisers, but he thinks he got something in exchange for the new supply of tanks and howitzers and similar citizen-intimidating hardware. Piraeus, the port of Athens, is now to be designated the home away from home of the American Sixth Fleet. Some 3,500 dependents of navy personnel will be installed there, home leave will be in the Aegean instead of back in the States and shore installations will make it possible to keep the fleet on station at all times. The despotic regime that has held Greece for five years will profit economically from the trade stimulated by this much enlarged American base and will gain further "legitimacy" from Washington's manifest approval of its goals and methods.

The issue involved here is not one of morality (governments, when they wheel and deal, are never moved by moral considerations) but of prudence. A book entitled *Inside the Colonels' Greece* (Chatto) has just been published in England. The author employs the pseudonym "Athenian," but Mervyn Jones, reviewing the book for the *New Statesman,* identifies him as a conservative, on the basis, among other things, of his admiration for Kanellopoulos, leader of the right-wing ERE, and his suggestion that the other ERE luminary, Karamanlis, would be a suitable man to take over Greece from the dictatorship. "Athenian" detests the colonels and states that at no time has more than 10 per cent of the Greek populace really wanted the regime to last. That does not mean, of course, that 90 per cent of the people are engaged in ousting their oppressors, but it does mean that a considerable proportion will do what they can and that almost everyone will cry "good riddance" when the day comes.

To a man, the Greeks believe that the colonels are the creatures of the Americans; Piraeus may not be a happy home for the sailors and their wives. More than that, a regime that is well regarded by only 10 per cent of its people—and which cannot stand the test of free elections—dare not rock the boat. Makarios is rocking the boat today in Cyprus, and Athens is growling nervously at him. Any time the Russians want to rock the boat, they are in a position to do so, themselves or through their Eastern European satellites. The colonels cannot stand that sort of thing; they will either temporize or run screaming to us for greater and more overt assistance. A jackal is a jackal, in Saigon or Athens, and when it comes to a showdown jackals are only a liability.

If Nixon really fears the Russian fleet—which seems incredible, given the present-day techniques of all-out war—he should order the Sixth Fleet to prepare itself for all eventualities; but he should not depend on the most hated government in Europe today to protect its rear. The fact is that Nixon likes the colonels and enjoys doing them favors; but sending alms to regimes with which one feels congenial is also no part of international horse trading.

Let Them In

An organization named American Documentary Films has arranged a festival of Cuban movies, to be shown in New York from March 24 to April 2. According to the custom of such affairs, four of the directors were invited up from Cuba to be present when their films were shown. Visas for the four were requested from the State Department, and after a time the request was turned down.

American Documentary Films wanted to appeal this decision to higher authorities, but President Nixon and Secretary of State Rogers were out of the country, being at the moment guests of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai. So a cable, requesting their good offices in the matter, was dispatched to Peking. Obviously, the film impresarios were glad enough of the ironic overtones of the situation, but the irony was not of their making. When the President and his entourage embarked on voyages to China and Russia, as living embodiments of world brotherhood, the proposition that America should test those aspiring to visit its shores for ideological contagion lost whatever validity it had been thought to enjoy. If Mr. Nixon finds it appropriate to exchange toasts with the leaders of the two most powerful totalitarian states, he cannot be afraid of brief visits by a few moviemakers from a small island that lives under our constant surveillance. The visa refusal is either mean-spirited or an example of bureaucratic lag. In either case, it should be reversed and the film directors made welcome in New York.

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Murder in the Appalachians

If the Buffalo Creek flood disaster in West Virginia wasn't murder, it was at the very least manslaughter. Of course, in the coal fields they don't use such harsh terms. With 103 dead at last count and seventy-nine missing, a vice president of the Pittston Company, the conglomerate that owns the mine and the "dam" which was breached, called it "an act of God." How so? Well, God "made the pond incapable of holding all that rain water."

The "pond" contained 5 million cubic feet of water, held back by a mine refuse pile of slate, slag, sludge, coal dust, low-grade coal, silt and other debris. It was not a dam in any accepted meaning of the word; it was a dump. Like many such piles, it was burning deep inside.

The Charleston Gazette, one of the best newspapers in the country, calls attention to a state law forbidding the erection of "any obstruction" more than 15 feet high across "any watercourse," without the approval of the State Public Service Commission. According to the U.S. Geological Survey, the obstruction in this case was 70 feet high.

A section of the Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act provides that a coal mine water impoundment that is deemed a hazard shall be inspected at least once a week by officials of the company responsible for it. Now that's a regulation with real teeth in it! A Bureau of Mines official delivered himself of the following: "If it was a mine refuse pile, I think we might have jurisdiction. But if it was a dam, per se, I guess we don't." He can stop guessing: all he has to do is look at what remains of the Pittston mine's dump.

In 1966 William Davis of the Geological Survey found at least seventy-five "poorly constructed" waste piles across hollows at coal mines in five states. Action was taken in a few cases; the great majority remain as they were and could go out with the next heavy rainfall. Gov. Arch A. Moore, Jr., then a member of Congress, got a copy of the report. Now, six years later, he is doing his duty. He toured the disaster area in a helicopter. He has appointed an investigating commission and asked the President for federal help. Five thousand people have been made homeless.

Sometimes it seems that government and business interests don't see the people of Appalachia as altogether human. Of course, when you look at them close up, they are. Someone pointed to a little boy limping through the high school gym where a group of the survivors is quartered. His face was puffed and bruised. "That's the Bailey boy," a survivor said. "They found him caught in the branches of a tree. His family is all gone, they say."

TWO MEMORIES OF DR. FRANK GRAHAM

George G. Kirstein

Mr. Kirstein, for many years publisher of The Nation, *was in 1942 Executive Secretary of the National War Labor Board.*

On a summer afternoon in 1941, Dr. Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, was presiding over a labor mediation session in a Washington conference room. As a public member of the National Defense Mediation Board, established by President Roosevelt to resolve labor disputes which threatened to interrupt America's rearmament, Dr. Graham had been striving patiently through two hot days to assist the management representatives of a large strike-bound Northern machine tool manufacturer in reaching an agreement with its embattled union.

The sole unresolved issue in this controversy was the union's demand that all company employees be union members, countered by management's insistence, in phrases that included such words as "freedom," "right of choice," "liberty," "Americanism" and "principle," that no worker be forced to belong to a union as a condition of employment. A less patient man than Dr. Graham would have evidenced restlessness as the debate droned on, for he had listened innumerable times before to the arguments now being presented by both sides.

As a scholar of the American past, Dr. Graham was well aware that the history of our country's industrial relations records few, if any, occasions when employers have fought for governmental action calculated to safeguard the privileges or improve the conditions of employees. Yet in the debate to which he listened, it was the management representatives who argued so spiritedly for the freedom and rights of their employees, while the union representatives elected by those same workers sat silently by.

Another somewhat ludicrous aspect of this extended argument, which would have exasperated a less saintly man, was the fact that both sides knew how this phase of the dispute would be settled before they ever came to Washington. For it was not only in this plant that the controversy over the "union security" clause had raged. It had been the key issue in dozens of plants right across the country, and as a result the Defense Mediation Board had painstakingly evolved a compromise solution, known as "maintenance of membership," which provided that no employee was obliged to join the union, but that once he had voluntarily done so, he must maintain his membership until the contract, which he had authorized to be negotiated on his behalf, had expired.

Despite the ironies of the situation, Dr. Graham listened intently while the management representatives espoused their employees' right of free choice, to belong or not belong to a union, to continue to work in the "American way." From time to time, in his courteous, soft-voiced, Southern drawl, he would even interpose a question which set forth a new outburst of management oratory. Finally

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the voices were silent. Dr. Graham asked, "Have you concluded, gentlemen?"

"We have concluded," responded the company president in a tone that almost betrayed his willingness to accept the defeat that he knew was inevitable. Dr. Graham leaned forward over the conference table and said quietly, "It may surprise you, sir, but I happen to agree with you. Your arguments are ones that I respect and I accept. And my daddy agreed with you. He was a Confederate officer who was willing to give his life for the principle that he had a right to leave the Union." The soft Southern voice hardened as Dr. Graham continued. "But your daddies fought and won on the proposition that once you had joined the Union, you could not thereafter leave it. Gentlemen, gallant Americans died by the thousands fighting over that cause, and it was resolved. This hearing is concluded."

More than a year later, the small National Defense Mediation Board had evolved into the large National War Labor Board, charged not only with resolving industrial disputes but also with stabilizing all wages in the country. Instead of the prewar staff of thirty, some 3,000 employees in ten regional offices now toiled for the board across the country. It was a remarkable governmental agency. In addition to having enlisted some of America's foremost industrialists and its most powerful labor leaders, it included four public members, each of whom was distinguished in his own way. The chairman, William H. Davis, a Socratic scholar, an intellectual and a persuader, was an engineer by training and a patent lawyer by profession. Dr. George W. Taylor, an economist, had an uncanny grasp of conflicting human motivations in the industrial field. Wayne Morse, the fiery dean of the University of Oregon Law School, was an orator, a proceduralist, and a harsh and articulate critic of those who thwarted the board's rulings. Dr. Graham, the historian, was the soul, the spirit, indeed the conscience of the board. While the staff members respected and admired all of the public members, when they sought advice on a moral issue it was to Dr. Graham that they went.

In December 1942, I needed such advice and entered his office. "May I have a few minutes of your time, Doctor?" I asked. Seemingly unhurried, although his schedule was beyond human capacity, and with his never failing courtesy, he replied, "Sit down. What's on your mind?"

I outlined my quandary. While I realized the importance of the work the board was doing in resolving labor disputes and maintaining uninterrupted armaments production, I felt that the war was being fought elsewhere. An older man no doubt could fill my position just as well. I had some experience at sea, and perhaps the Navy could use my limited skills. The question was where best to serve.

"The staff does a good job," Dr. Graham said. "This is one of the most controversial agencies in Washington, and there hasn't been a meaningful complaint about the impartiality of our staff, either from the press or up on the Hill. I will not give you the advice you seek to leave this important work. It is your decision, and yours alone."

I rose to leave and, as if changing the subject, Dr. Graham said, "I was over at the Navy Department this morning." "Oh?" I replied. "What have we done that the Navy doesn't like?"

"I wasn't there on board business," he replied. "I was over there trying to get back my combat commission in the Marine Corps from the last war." Then sadly, "They said I was too old."

His blue eyes had the wrinkles of a smile. "Thank you, Doctor," I said.

And thank you, Doctor, for having lived with us so long, and having taught so many of us so much. □

HEARTLAND PRIMARY

THE BATTLE OF WISCONSIN

JAMES ROWEN

Mr. Rowen is a journalist with two degrees from the University of Wisconsin, Madison, who was from 1968 to 1970 a contributing editor of the campus daily, The Cardinal, *and who has since contributed to* The Washington Post, The New Republic *and* Ramparts. *He now lives in Santa Fe and writes for the* New Mexico Review. *Mr. Rowen is married to Susan McGovern, a daughter of Sen. George McGovern.*

The April 4th Wisconsin Presidential primary is likely to be one of the pivotal events of this election year. For a number of reasons, it ranks among the most important of the twenty-three state primaries, and its results will give political scientists, commentators and the campaign staffs of at least a dozen candidates a volume of data to analyze.

Wisconsin has large urban, industrial areas in Milwaukee and the twin cities of Kenosha and Racine, numerous rural and farm communities, and an intellectual, affluent, academic center at Madison, which contains a sizable portion of the newly eligible 18-to-21-year-old voters. The general population is a broad mixture: German-American and Scandinavian-American farmers, Polish- and other East European-American steel, brewery and packing house workers, clustered around Milwaukee. A burdened black community is compressed in Milwaukee's inner core. Many towns and cities are still dominated by single industries: Neenah-Menasha by Kimberly-Clark, Janesville by General Motors, Kenosha by American Motors, Baraboo by Olin (its massive ammunition plant contributes materially to the fact that Wisconsin ranks fourth in the supply of ammunition to the Defense Department), Madison by the state government and the main campus of the University of Wisconsin.

The major focus of interest on April 4 will be the Democratic race, where twelve candidates are contending for a sixty-seven-member delegation to the Miami con-

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vention. Alphabetically, they are: Chisholm, Hartke, Humphrey, Jackson, Lindsay, McCarthy, McGovern, Mills, Mink, Muskie, Wallace and Yorty. There are so many, in fact, that it is now felt that any one of them who can take a fourth of the vote will win the primary, and therefore, the entire convention delegation. This crowded field dismays the candidates, but it is one of the primary's strong points. There can be no post-election bellyaching that all the state's voters (Republicans may freely cross over) were not offered a wide range of alternatives—light years separate George McGovern from Sam Yorty, Shirley Chisholm from George Wallace.

Thus, while it is probable that no candidate will leave Wisconsin the day after the primary with a resounding mandate to lead the Democrats against Richard Nixon next fall, the balloting is likely to answer some questions for and about many of the contestants. For example:

¶Is Senator Muskie truly the front-runner, or in a face-to-face meeting with his opponents, is he inseparable from a crowd of strong contenders?

¶Does Senator McGovern have the grass-roots appeal to belie a consistently low rating in nationwide opinion polls; if so, will the polling process be de-emphasized for the remainder of the campaign?

¶Can Eugene McCarthy make a significant showing in a state primary which he won overwhelmingly in 1968; or has his magic evaporated, and his constituency deserted?

¶Will Senator Humphrey, from neighboring Minnesota, retain enough of his farm and labor support to finish *at least* a close third; or is he, along with fellow Minnesotan McCarthy, already passé in a state where he has enjoyed great personal popularity?

¶Will George Wallace prosper in a Northern state where he has previously run well; or, since bussing has not yet emerged as a significant issue in Wisconsin, is he hampered by "one-issue" identification?

With the primary's cross-cutting constituencies and the candidates' overlapping appeals, the possible voting patterns are a seemingly unsolvable puzzle. For instance, how does a Polish-surnamed South Milwaukeean cast his vote—for Muskie, because of ethnic pride; for Jackson because of his consistently pro-Vietnamese War position; for Humphrey because of his strong labor record; for McGovern because of his swift attack on Nixon's pro-big business wage/price controls; or for Wallace, because of his broad identification with working people's problems? Likewise, the conservatives in the Fox River Valley who gave the world their own Joe McCarthy will have to decide if Wallace or Yorty would be more reliable than Nixon or perhaps Ashbrook. Liberals will be working through a greater selection: McGovern, Chisholm, Hartke, Lindsay, Muskie, McCarthy, Humphrey or Mink. Those who merely want a capable government technocrat will be free to pull the lever for Congressman Mills. It is precisely because of these countervailing pressures that a critical factor operating in the primary campaigning, and certainly a major element to be studied in the post-mortems, will be the relative ability of contrasting organizations to turn out the vote.

It was widely accepted in late February that the two leading contenders for the Democrats' vote are Senators Muskie and McGovern, with the edge then held by Muskie. These two men also have the largest and most active organizations in the state, but their structures are utterly dissimilar. Muskie's is built from the top down, relying upon endorsements and leadership from a virtual *Who's Who* in Wisconsin Democratic politics. A recent summary showed that he enjoyed endorsements from U.S. Reps. David Obey (who replaced Melvin Laird in Congress) and Henry Reuss, national committeeman, Donald Peterson (McCarthy's 1968 Wisconsin coordinator), a majority of the Democrats in the state legislature and on the state party executive committee, and Bertram McNamara, head of Wisconsin's Steelworkers. Muskie's state chairman is David Carley, a vice president of Inland Steel Co., and a powerful figure in the party's liberal wing.

Yet these numerous endorsements, a mirror image of Muskie's growing collection of national backers in the Senate, may prove to be inconclusive in Wisconsin, where the old Progressive tradition of free and unhindered individual choice is still strong. Ironically, evidence of the insignificance of endorsements is to be found in the political past of the man currently rounding them up for Muskie—David Carley himself. In 1966, when he sought his party's nomination for lieutenant governor, he had bulging files of endorsements, including, by his own count, 103 from local labor leaders, yet lost the nomination. Similarly in 1968, Carley lined up the regular Democrats behind President Johnson, only to be swamped in the primary by Eugene McCarthy.

In contrast to Muskie's top-down, vertical organization, is Senator McGovern's grass-roots structure. The South Dakotan has a functioning committee in each of the state's sixty counties and on all nineteen college campuses. He has few big-name endorsements, but is instead relying upon a volunteer citizens' organization that has been more than a year in the making, and which *The Washington Post* described as "among the most extensive ever prepared by a candidate for office here." So the question is: can a methodically planned and executed "peo-

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ple's" campaign compete with a traditionally constructed, party-leader organization? It will be an early 1972 confrontation between the old politics and the new in the party supposedly reformed after the debacle at Chicago.

Another important aspect of Wisconsin's Democratic primary campaign is the high position of the allegedly wound-down Indochinese war as a 1972 election issue. By all advance indications, it is still the single most crucial issue in Wisconsin politics. The voting there on April 4 will probably be a massive anti-war declaration, and a clear indication that President Nixon has failed to de-politicize the war. Wisconsin voters are also expected to serve notice that they want an issue-based campaign, not a TV sideshow, and that the issue first in their own minds is Vietnam.

On January 26, Gov. Patrick Lucey used the University of Wisconsin's mid-year commencement exercises as an occasion to blast the war with some of the most vivid rhetoric ever used by an American politician. He lashed the policies of the Nixon and Johnson Administrations: they had "betrayed the American people" and battered much of Vietnam into "a moonlike landscape." He condemned "American corporations, profiteering from the war" and maintaining "a business-as-usual attitude" during the carnage. He grieved for all the war's casualties, including "Asian families, mourning the loss of a son or daughter." The Governor called for "an immediate, complete and total withdrawal of all American military personnel and equipment from all of Southeast Asia." And instead of wishing the graduating seniors good luck in their new careers as insurance salesmen or electrical engineers, he urged them "to work for peace" in the coming elections.

Lucey, a long-time opponent of the Indochinese war, was clearly attempting to structure the form and content of the campaign, and the behavior of a number of the candidates in its early weeks tends to bear out the Governor's assessment of issues in his state. For Senator McGovern, the war has always been the first issue, and he has campaigned vigorously against it across the frozen reaches of Wisconsin, flatly stating that he would end American involvement "lock, stock and barrel" within six months of Inauguration Day were he elected President. A stirring anti-war address before 5,000 persons, on the University of Wisconsin campus last March, brought McGovern repeated, roaring cheers and a Kennedy-style mobbing of his departing car, despite warnings from some Wisconsin politicians not even to venture onto the often troubled Madison campus.

Likewise, Mayor Lindsay devoted the greater portion of his maiden speech in Wisconsin, when he declared his primary candidacy, to an attack on the continuing war. He managed to stifle some minor heckling with a strong condemnation of the Nixon war policy. And Senator Muskie, whose position on the war has changed from all-out support in 1968 to advocacy of a "set-the-date" total withdrawal, has joined the ranks of the peace candidates in the Wisconsin primary. Indeed, Muskie is so eager to attract the anti-war voter that some of his advertising strains at the facts of his recent Senate voting record on the war. For instance, when the Madison campus *Daily Cardinal* ran a special Vietnamese supplement on January 3, a one-half-page ad for Muskie began:

> When Ed Muskie came to realize what his country had been doing to the land and people of Vietnam, he was humiliated, sickened, and angry. But being the man he was, he did not just talk about it. He acted. In the Senate, he made himself a leader in the fight to impose a legal mandate for ending the war.

Yet Muskie as recently as October 5, 1971 voted to defeat Senator Gravel's amendment to the Foreign Aid Bill which would have cut off funds for the bombing of Indochina. Muskie's anti-war credibility was nonetheless given a boost by Presidential Assistant Haldeman's recent assault on the loyalty of Democrats who had attacked Nixon's warmed-over peace proposals. The Senator from Maine was severely heckled by students at a reception in early February in Madison, so his effort to build a solid anti-war image has not been totally successful.

Among the twelve Democratic candidates, only Jackson, Yorty and Wallace are still clearly identifiable as hawks. Thus it is likely that the combined vote for those candidates now opposing the war will be as high as 65 to 75 per cent of the balloting. That would be an unmistakable sign that the amalgam of voters making up the Wisconsin electorate favor candidates pledged forthrightly to end the war, and want opposition this fall to President Nixon, and concurrently, Thieu, Vietnamization, "protective reaction," American bankrolling of Asian wars, and the other tenets of Nixon's strategy to *win* a "generation of peace."

A third significant signal to be expected from the April 4th Wisconsin balloting—along with a test of organizational virtues and the measure of anti-war sentiment—will be the intensity of the newly enfranchised youth vote. It is estimated that 260,000 young people are now eligible to vote in the primary, more than half being located on the state's college campuses. Their influence could be decisive.

It is generally conceded that Senator McGovern will be the major beneficiary of the youth vote, because of his frequent appearances on campuses and his positions which reflect many students' feelings on the issues. His anti-war activity, from September 1963, antedates the dovish attitudes of the other contenders. He was the first to propose amnesty for draft resisters and exiles, a position extremely popular with students. Many young people have friends or acquaintances who fled to Canada or submitted to jail to avoid the draft, and many draft-age men themselves consider illegally resisting induction. Thus amnesty is a deeply felt, personal issue among many young people.

That is not to suggest that McGovern will win 100 per cent of the student vote. Mayor Lindsay is expected to win some measure of student support, and has hired David Schaeffer, the 1969 Wisconsin Student Association president on the Madison campus, to organize it for him. Lindsay is endorsed by former state Atty. Gen. Bronson La Follette. And Shirley Chisholm will get substantial numbers of young votes, particularly from women in, or sympathetic with, the women's liberation movement. Rep. Robert Kastenmeier, whose district includes the University of Wisconsin, Madison, is currently tabulating the results of a straw vote of his constituents which showed Representative Chisholm with a small but definite kernel of support. "There *is* a women's vote," Kastenmeier affirmed, an indication that Shirley Chisholm will be wielding leverage at the Miami convention.

However, the politicians will be watching not just for

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whom the young people vote but in what numbers. The primary date falls in the middle of the Easter vacation. In the recent past, many students have flown off during this holiday to Florida, California or the Bahamas. Others return to Chicago, New York or Washington, D.C., the cities that supply a large percentage of the state's non-Wisconsin, but eligible-to-vote enrollment. Representative Kastenmeier predicts that the student turnout will be thinned by the vacation. *Daily Cardinal* editor Pat McGilligan said flatly, "the students are registered, but they won't vote."

So the larger the youth vote, the more it will have to be taken seriously by the nation's politicians. A heavy turnout—50 per cent or more of the eligibles—would demonstrate that, despite some obstacles, students and young people will play a critical, perhaps swing role in coming American electoral politics. If the vote total is low, similar to the usually minimal turnout among the general population, then it would have to be assumed that young people are as uninterested in the franchise as are their elders in suburbia or on the farm. A low youth vote would also indicate that their widespread rejection of the political system, so evident during the Johnson years, and dramatically clear during the campus general strike following Nixon's invasion of Cambodia, has not been assuaged by extension of the right to vote.

My feeling is that the youth vote, particularly in university towns such as Madison, La Crosse and Whitewater, will be quite heavy, exceeding the percentages for other age groupings. The reason is that young people have felt the full force of the Nixon Administration's domestic and foreign policies. It is the young, after all, who have died and are still dying in Asia; and it is 19-year-old *voters* whose fates are wrapped up in the continuing draft lottery. Young people were killed at Kent and Jackson State colleges, and it has escaped no one's attention that the Administration declined to bring federal civil rights charges against the gun-wielding troopers and police. Instead, this Administration has brought charges against the Harrisburg 7 and the Chicago 8—every one of them a campus hero or heroine. It bound and gagged Bobby Seale in a Chicago federal court, but gave Lieut. William Calley, a convicted mass murderer, the freedom of his own apartment while his sentence is under review. It paroled James Hoffa in exchange for the Teamsters' election-year support, but denied prompt parole to the Rev. Daniel Berrigan, despite his illness. Those contradictions are noted with indignation by young people.

I'll take the advice of a veteran Wisconsin politico: "Watch Wisconsin," he told me recently, "it's gonna be one hell of a primary." □

AMERICAN TECHNOLOGY

THE BIG MACHINE BREAKS DOWN

SEYMOUR MELMAN
Mr. Melman, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University, is the author most recently of Pentagon Capitalism *(McGraw-Hill).*

The crises in environment have become so general that many people suspect that the machines and the systems we use have somehow acquired a life of their own, that technology is no longer under man's control. Fortunately, the reality is that our machines can be given varying characteristics, that technology—within limits of our knowledge of nature—is man-made and changeable on order, and that if one wants to alter our technologies, then the place to look is not molecular structure but social structure, not the chemistry of materials but the rules of man. As pursued today, the design and use of technologies are profitable to a few men, but hurtful to many.

In the summer of 1969, while President Nixon was hailing the lunar landing as "the greatest week since the creation," millions of New Yorkers were suffering the effects of breakdowns in basic industrial services. Firms that could no longer be reached by phone placed ads in the newspapers to announce that they were still in business. Suddenly, the telephone service which we had taken for granted seemed to be falling apart. At the same time, the gradually deteriorating commuter railroads into New York City reached a new low in unacceptable performance. Even more disastrous for normal functioning in modern urban life were the successive breakdowns in the electric power generating plants of Consolidated Edison during the August heat waves, leaving buildings without air conditioning, elevator services, or proper light.

An industrial society that operates through an elaborately detailed division of labor requires a reliable power supply and reliable communication and transportation systems. Indeed, the absence of such competence is usually understood to indicate industrial underdevelopment.

Such breakdowns in basic services have coincided with increasing consumer dissatisfaction with the quality of many industrial products. What amounts to a consumer backlash is now in motion against the managers of American industry. No fewer than eighty-six separate bills have recently been proposed in the Congress for regulating the quality of American industrial goods. The recall of defective automobiles by the millions has become commonplace since the exposés by Ralph Nader. The auto industry's performance is important in its own right and because it is the accepted demonstration par excellence of American mass production capability. In June 1969, the Automobile Club of Missouri reported to a Senate investigating subcommittee that among 10,000 vehicles systematically examined by the club's mechanics in St. Louis, safety defects were found in 45 per cent of the vehicles that had been driven no more than 500 miles. Half of the 1968 models, the latest on the road at the time of the study, had safety defects. In August 1969, the Ford Motor Co. was the first of the big Detroit firms to reduce warranty protection from five-year, 50,000-mile coverage

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to twelve months and no mileage limitation. This reduction in guaranteed coverage for defects was an implicit acknowledgment by Ford of the deteriorating reliability of its products.

The pages of *Consumer Reports* each month testify to extensive defects in design and performance in a wide range of consumer goods. It seems to have become the rule rather than the exception to experience failure in electrical appliances on which we have come to rely for convenience and timesaving. While preparing this article, I checked with a handful of people about their recent experiences with home appliances. I was shocked to discover that among the small group, the breakdown rate was extremely high. Exchanges about outrageously poor performance of manufactured goods are now standard topics in social conversation.

How in the world can one reconcile these intimations of industrial deficiency with the technological tour de force of the manned lunar landing? Indeed, the United States, by usually accepted indicators, is a highly developed industrial system. The gross national product averages more than $4,500 per person. By 1966, the United States alone produced one-third of the world's electric energy. American industry is, on the average, more mechanized than the industries of any other country, and the United States has by far the largest budgets for scientific and technological research and development. Why, then, the industrial and environmental deterioration?

Industrial deterioration cannot be laid to ignorance of how to control quality. The American Society for Quality Control, one of the first such societies in the world, was formed between 1944 and 1946. Much of the basic theoretical work for the control of the quality of products was done by Messrs. Shewhart and Dodge in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Also, a large literature exists on the subject. Sebastian Littauer at Columbia University showed how the stabilization of industrial systems could be used in a comprehensive manner to enhance both product quality and production efficiency. Too often, alas, technique for the control of quality has been used to set a standard of performance that is marginally acceptable to consumers.

Elaborate data on the characteristics of industrial materials and on methods for fabricating them are commonly available. Nevertheless, the breakdown in workmanship is manifest. Many people feel that there has been a progressive decline in the traditions of craftsmanship. That is true, and it involves something important for understanding what is going wrong with American industry.

In the craft organization of work, one man fabricates a completed product, and directly controls the quality of the work. When the craft system of work is replaced by an elaborate division of labor, the quality of the product can no longer be controlled by any single workman. In such a firm that control is in the hands of management, which integrates the division of labor and sets the standards of acceptable workmanship. All this contradicts the folk wisdom that poor quality in industrial goods is caused by neglectful individual workers. On the contrary, the primary responsibility for the quality of American industrial products rests with the men who direct the operations. What is critical is managements' technical competence and their criteria for making technological choices.

The most important single decision that management makes for American industry is the allocation of the nation's relatively scarce skilled research and development manpower. Until recently, the United States was spending about 3 per cent of its GNP for research and development. That percentage looks impressive, compared with the research allocations of other countries. However, if American military and allied expenditures are removed from the U.S. research and development outlay, U.S. research costs amount to about 1.5 per cent of the GNP, or the same percentage as Belgium's and not much more than the 1.4 per cent spent by the United Kingdom, the 1.2 per cent by France, and the 1.1 per cent by Germany.

The military priority in American technological research has had a constraining effect on civilian technology. Even in a country as large and as wealthy as the United States, there is a finite supply of skilled manpower. The men who are designing complicated airframes for intercontinental rockets cannot at the same time be designing competent automobiles or houses or merchant vessels. The brains and the hands being devoted to producing rocket engines are unavailable to design electric cars, or modern railways, or efficient water and waste disposal systems. A dispatch to *The New York Times* (August 6, 1969) about new railroad equipment gives the essence of this problem:

> The Long Island Rail Road accepts 94 new cars—and finds mechanical defects in all 94. Because of breakdowns, it takes a stand-by fleet of 10 replacement cars to keep an average of 18 cars moving on the New-York-to-Washington Metroliner. . . . Two of the new Metroliner cars must be scrapped for spare parts. Twenty additional cars . . . are delivered more than six months behind schedule. And they also have serious defects.

According to one railroad executive, "It seems nobody knows how to make a passenger car any more." Dr. Robert Nelson, chief of the federal government's Office of High Speed Ground Transportation, said of the rail supply industry that it "simply does not have the massive manpower and technical resources that, for example, the aerospace industry has. The profits in railway supply equipment have been depressed for some years, and bright young engineers have not been going into it."

Because of the sustained priority given to the military, technological manpower has been effectively withheld from a series of important civilian industries whose products and production methods now suffer from technological neglect. While we have elegant, high-speed aircraft whose design was essentially derived from military aircraft, we woefully lack planes useful mainly for shorter trips, being capable of taking off and landing in small areas.

Technological depletion is highly visible in shipbuilding and in the nation's fishing fleets. With the largest volume of imports and exports of any nation in the world, the United States ranks twelfth among nations in the number of merchant ships constructed annually. Commercial shipbuilding has been grossly deprived of research and development, while technical manpower has been lavished on the construction of nuclear-powered carriers and submarines

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for the Navy. Our fishing fleets used to supply the country with almost all of the fish products that it consumed. Today, more than 70 per cent of the fish products consumed in this country are imported. Contrasted with the foreign vessels that gather off American coasts, the American fishing fleet increasingly looks like a museum collection. There is not a shipyard in the United States constructing modern ocean-going trawlers and fish-processing vessels. Few, if any, U.S. designers are competent to design such vessels.

Shelter is a basic human requirement, but the American industry that builds apartment houses does almost no systematic research and development. For that reason, and apart from other considerations, the managements have been unable to balance rising man-hour and materials costs against improvements in efficiency by mechanization and better organization of work. Therefore, builders cannot produce a new product that can be lived in by the lowest quarter of rent payers.

It is entirely conceivable to design competent systems for mass-producing building components in factories and assembling them on the site, doing this work in a stable manner so that the cost per square foot of very acceptable apartment dwellings could be cut in half. But no research activity in this industry is capable of translating these technologically promising options into practice.

An essential factor in New York City's summer 1969 failures of communication, transportation and power systems was the unavailability of sufficient technical competence in these industries. What appeared to the citizen as a series of irritating inconveniences was, from an engineering standpoint, the signal of a basic breakdown in the industrial system.

By 1969, the main military-serving laboratories at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology alone employed 3,800 scientists, engineers, technicians and supporting staff. Since a staff of 500 can operate a good-sized industrial laboratory, M.I.T. uses up for its Pentagon client the equivalent of eight major civilian-industry research establishments.

The depleting effect of military priority is exacerbated by the choices managements make from among technological options. These choices, which directly affect the quality and reliability of products, have long been in the service of profit. What is new about them is the contemporary condition under which the "fast buck" (short-term gain) may be made.

At one time, the worker's wage and the way his labor was used offered prime opportunity for management to maximize profit. But management's options with respect to labor have been limited by the constraints of trade unionism and laws regulating wages and conditions of work. Management therefore began increasingly to manipulate the market in search of new opportunities for money gain and the competitive growth of their enterprises.

Similarly, genuine product innovation has often been the driving wedge whereby new managements in new industries have been able to grow rapidly. However, once they are in a position to influence markets, they are motivated to shift toward market manipulation as a strategy for managerial success. As a result, many managements that got their start with a major product innovation now invest heavily in selling dreams rather than functional services. Thus while automobiles have become notoriously nonfunctional in design, much automobile advertising sells a sex machine or a ticket to upper-middle-class status, rather than transportation.

Management must bargain collectively with its employees, but not with its customers; therefore it has felt free to cut costs even at the expense of quality. A dramatic instance of readiness to cut costs even at the gravest risk is to be seen in the extensive malfunction, or basically faulty design, of medical equipment. It has recently become known, for example, that 40,000 emergency artificial respirators were sold in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that this equipment was judged to be poorly designed and ineffective. Failures in the design and quality of medical equipment have become so scandalous that President Nixon's Assistant for Consumer Affairs took the matter up publicly in September 1969, and recommended the enactment of legislation for policing the manufacturers of such devices. Similarly, a major percentage of armored vests to be used by U.S. troops in

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Vietnam were found to be defective, the manufacturers having neglected to use appropriate available methods for assuring the quality of the product.

Inattention to consumer needs was also an important aspect of the August 1969 breakdown in New York phone service. The New York Telephone Co. blamed the troubles on intrinsic difficulties of forecasting demand, but middle management men and a few former employees have disclosed that top management had disregarded recommendations for investment in new equipment and had persisted in economizing by scanting on certain classes of repair and maintenance. Apparently, short-term profits were what the company's top executives wanted during the few years before August 1969—even though that policy risked a technological debacle. They succeeded; profits rose swiftly.

To add insult to injury, the New York Telephone, at the very time of greatest phone disruption, asked for a rate increase. There had been similar actions by the managements of the Consolidated Edison Co. and the commuter railroads, but it would be unfair to these men to conclude that contempt for the consumer is unique to industries having a product or service monopoly.

Contempt for the public is evident in the failure of the auto industry firms to install air pollution devices when they became available in 1962. More fundamentally, the auto industry has been acting to save its own investment in factories and machinery for building the gasoline-engine car, as well as the intricate network that services these vehicles. This priority is sustained even though the super-horsepowered average car has become a menace as well as a convenience.

While the public hears of the electric-powered vehicle only as a technological dream (it was a commonplace fifty years ago), the engineering literature of the last few years describes a technology fully competent to build inexpensive and highly reliable electric-powered vehicles. Such cars would do everything a small auto is supposed to do inside a big city or in travel between a city center and a suburban area. Its 25- to 40-mile-an-hour speed is more than adequate on big-city streets, and a range of 100 miles is sufficient to carry the suburban commuter to and from his work place or railroad station. Obviously, production of battery-powered vehicles on a large scale would make obsolete large parts of the existing industry's plants, even if many conventional motor cars were still built for long-distance, intercity use. In addition, to the degree that electric-powered vehicles came into use, much of the network of auto repair shops and gasoline stations would be made obsolete.

The Nixon Administration collaborated with the hold-back on new automotive technology by announcing, on August 26, 1969, a plan to "spur competition" to produce low-pollution vehicles for the 1990s. (The intervening twenty years would give sufficient time for dramatic intensification of the problems now associated with an overpopulation of cars, especially in and around big cities.) The Nixon proposal should shield present auto industry managers from their own occupational obsolescence, but at the expense of the consumer, who will continue to suffer air pollution, street congestion and accident hazards connected with the present generation of high-powered motor cars. Responding to the Administration's policy of waiting until the 1990s, a Chrysler Corporation manager exulted: "It was just as if we'd written the script."

The quest for the "fast buck," plus the military priority in technological research, has other though less visible damaging consequences for American industry and society. Technologies that are insufficiently automated to be operated economically by labor paid at American rates are often profitable when combined with the wage rates of Europe or Asia. Hence, American firms in many industries have been avoiding the hard work of changing to more efficient methods by investing abroad in factories whose output is designed for the U.S. market. The products range from shoes to engines to machine tools. The result is less employment for Americans, while the financial health of individual firms is sustained. The Singer Corporation, for example, the only firm still making sewing machines in the United States, sells its domestic customers two machines made in its overseas plants for every one made in the United States. Its Elizabeth, N.J. plant once had 10,000 workers; it now has 2,000.

As this process develops, certain industries become less competent suppliers for the needs of other U.S. industries. Thus when the machine tool industry fails to offer new equipment at an attractive price, the rest of the industrial system becomes overburdened with an aging stock of basic machinery. By 1968, 64 per cent of American industry's machine tools were ten years old or older, making it the oldest stock of such basic machines in any major industrial country. This in turn adds to the inability of many industries to compensate for rising hourly wages with improved productivity.

For similar reasons, major U.S. industries are increasingly unable to hold even the domestic market. By 1967, 17 per cent of the steel used by American industry was imported. While U.S. industry has specialized in military electronics, the electronics industry of Japan and European countries developed civilian electronics in order to supply the American market. In the last decade, danger signals have begun to fly for a great many American industries. From 1960 to 1967, U.S. machinery exports doubled in value, but machinery imports grew four and a half times. In the same period, exports of power machinery doubled, but imports increased five times. By the first quarter of 1969, the warning signs of a real industrial debacle appeared. The United States showed a deficit in international trade for the first time since World War II.

Certain myths have prevented many Americans from even perceiving the evidence of industrial decay. We are told that, as long as the GNP rises, the nation is well off, regardless of the functional composition of what we produce. Actually, one group of goods and services represents productive growth: these are things that are either part of the current level of living or that can be used for further production. A second class of products represents parasitic growth: goods and services that are not part of the level of living and cannot be used for further production. Military industry and military research—apart from what value may be attached to the military activity for other than economic reasons—produce parasitic economic

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growth that weighs upon the rest of the industrial system.

We are told that American industry has become noncompetitive because it must pay such high wages. Actually, the cost and the price of a product are determined by the wage plus the way labor is applied through mechanization and organization of work. The hourly wage may be high and the unit labor cost low. Thus Swedish shipbuilders pay their workers about two-thirds more per hour than do the Japanese, but maintain a price-competitive position by raising productivity of labor.

We are told that countries tend to have natural advantages, and that these produce a sensible international division of labor. If we all bought from the lowest cost producer, we should all benefit. This does not apply, however, once technological decay and noncompetitiveness become epidemic in many U.S. industries. When productive employment is exported on a large scale, the economic viability of the society as a whole is diminished.

We are told that military research produces valuable spin-offs for civilian uses and that they justify military and related space-research spending. It is true that several major civilian products were readily derived from military models: jet planes, nuclear reactors, high-speed computers. Nevertheless, if you want to achieve something, you don't do it most efficiently by doing something else. One of the substances being tested for use in artificial heart valves happens to be a material used in certain undergarments for women. It is unreasonable, however, to propose a program of undergarment research as a strategy for designing an artificial heart.

We are told, as mentioned at the start of this essay, that technology has an initiative of its own and that the main capabilities of American industry are therefore independent of man's will. The fact is that industrial technology is produced and operated by applying knowledge of nature in accordance with the criteria, mainly economic, that are wielded by industrial managers. A current example is the debate over design of farm tractors. Several Congressmen have noted a high incidence of fatalities caused by drivers falling off these machines. Fifteen years ago, one of my students completely redesigned a farm tractor to conform to human capabilities. Thus driver safety and ease of operation were the prime goals, within constraints of acceptable cost. Industrial managements have not given high priority to human engineering.

I believe that two avenues of action are plausible for stemming the epidemic of industrial incompetence. The first requirement for the United States is a sharp change in money and in technical manpower priority from military to civilian industry. Then the rest should follow.

But failing an economy-wide improvement in industrial quality, it will be necessary to intervene through trade groups, professional societies, unions and, as a last resort, through government, to compel formulation of and compliance with minimum performance standards for industrial processes and products. Since Japanese industry has carried out a manifestly successful quality-improvement program, it would be sensible to learn from its experience.

Relatively poor quality in many services and consumer goods, and deterioration of the environment, is one of the ways Americans pay for a huge military establishment and for narrowly profit-oriented control of technology. Whether that is really what people want is one of the emerging debates of our time. □

VERY UN-BRITISH MINERS

CHARLES FLATO
Mr. Flato is a free-lance American journalist.

London

After the coal miners' month-long and successful strike, carried out with a militancy not seen here for many years, the lights in Britain are beginning to come on once more. But for Prime Minister Heath the lights of 10 Downing Street will never burn as brightly again. Nor will they for any future Prime Minister, be he Conservative or Labour. The miners have demonstrated that the Establishment can be disestablished, if not once and for all, at least to a degree.

The miners' victory does not mean that British workers are about to convert Buckingham Palace into their Institute of the People, even though some here see the strike as a harbinger of revolutionary things to come. Given the British temperament and the loose-reined but firm social controls exercised by the City, such a prospect is unlikely. Nevertheless, the outcome of the strike (a 21 per cent boost in wages) and the measure of support given it by the rest of labor and even by the general public, has unnerved not only Tory ministers but also the Opposition leadership. The way whereby the miners carried out the strike, by mass picketing in defiance of legal prohibitions and a mass invasion of the sacred precincts of Westminster, looked too much like the stuff of revolutions to suit traditional parliamentarians.

There was something else highly unsettling to the Establishment about the strike. Although not a social revolution in the classical sense, it was an insurrection against the powers that be, a very un-British gesture of defiance by the lowly against their "betters."

What the miners challenged was the long accepted principle that governing is solely the business of those at the top of the heap, they alone determining economic and social policy, no matter which party is in power. Up until now this was generally accepted, even by the aging and much knighted Labour leadership. The upper, middle and professional classes were viewed as the rightful guardians of the public weal. The coal wage commission, headed by Lord Wilberforce, is a case in point. It was assumed to be entirely proper that a judge, an economics professor and a business executive should decide whether little Alfie was to have a new pair of shoes, Mom a warm coat and Pop a second pint of ale after a long

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day in the pit. For as long as anyone can remember in Britain, labor as a whole, but the coal miners especially, have acceded to decisions made at the top.

Now the miners have challenged all of that. Despite the initial timidity of their union leadership, the men in the pits openly rebelled against the system. Nor did they heed the cautionary eloquence of the Labour Shadow Cabinet. Though primarily an act of defiance against the Tory government, the strike was a warning to the Labour Party as well. A miner from Wales, one of the thousands who invaded the House of Commons to lobby its members, summed up their mood bluntly: "We may have to vote some of those Labour chaps out and vote ourselves in," he told the press.

What the miners accomplished has stirred up the rest of labor's rank and file. The railway workers have already announced that they intend to break the wage hike ceiling which the government seeks to impose in the manner of Mr. Nixon's new economic policy. The London busmen have said the same, and many others can be expected to follow—including the 300,000 agricultural workers whose contract expires in a few weeks.

Possibly the politicians have not forgotten how to read storm warnings, although Mr. Heath is not noted for his knowledge of the subject. Mr. Wilson is more brainy but, in the opinion of Labour backbenchers, too long accustomed to posh suburban living to remember, if he ever knew, what life is like in the grimy slums that cover much of this country. But the voice of working-class resentment against the Establishment is so strong and clear today that even politicians may get the message. The voice of the people, not just that of the BBC, is once more abroad in the land. □

Abu, The Guardian (London)

BUSSING BATTLE

BAD WEEK IN THE SENATE

ARLIE SCHARDT
Mr. Schardt is a Washington-based free-lance writer concentrating on civil liberties subjects, and is national legislative director of the ACLU.

Washington

By the time the U.S. Senate had finished working on its version of the higher education aid bill, it was clear that the world's greatest deliberative body was not having its finest hour. Indeed, there were moments when the legislators seemed ready to turn in full flight rather than face that phantom issue of 1972, school bussing.

The prospect for continued national commitment to equal educational opportunity was at times so shaky that when the one-week debate concluded on March 1, civil rights advocates both inside and outside the Senate were actually grateful for a compromise they would have labeled a betrayal in any other year since 1954, when the Supreme Court outlawed the separate but equal doctrine.

The key Senate votes, defeating an amendment that would have forbidden the courts to remedy a violation of the Constitution even after determining that such a violation existed, were so close that civil rights forces could not take even a moment to relax; they knew there would be many more challenges, and they could see that their ranks had been unexpectedly thinned by the defections of people who should know better.

The segregationist amendment that came closest to passage was not sponsored by a Senator from Mississippi or Alabama or Georgia or Texas, although it was just the type of legislation they had sought ever since 1954. It was offered by Sen. Robert Griffin of Michigan, and it got the distinctly more surprising support of Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin, who voted for it all three times it came up, and who refused either to explain his reasons ("I'm against bussing") or to answer the phone calls of Sen. Walter Mondale who was understandably puzzled.

The Griffin amendment would have forbidden any court from ordering that pupils be transported to or from any school on the basis of race, color, religion or national origin. That would have seriously reduced the Supreme Court's jurisdiction in school cases, for it would have meant that even when a court found instances of deliberate segregation, it could not use the most viable extant remedy to eliminate the violation. It is a measure of the irrationality generated by the bussing issue that

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Griffin was himself a conspicuous defender of the Court's powers in 1968, the last time that a major attempt was made to reduce its authority in the matter of basic constitutional guarantees.

Another measure of this irrationality is the fact that Griffin declared, after his amendment had passed its first test by a vote of 43 to 40, that it was probably unconstitutional. Why, then, had he wasted the Senate's time, and compounded the confusion of an already overheated issue? Because, he said, the action might serve to temper the Court's vigor in ordering further desegregation of the public schools.

The struggle in the Senate was tense, emotional, often deceptive and illogical throughout the entire week allotted to the education bill. Even before the debate began, it was clear that the real struggle would focus on as many as thirty proposed segregationist amendments to a bill whose major purpose is to authorize up to $20 billion in aid to colleges and universities—including, for the first time, direct grants without earmarks—as well as $1.5 billion for emergency assistance to high schools and grade schools in the process of desegregating. Officially designated the Higher Education Act of 1972, the historic bill (it also includes grants for Indians and Eskimos and a new program of federal scholarships) ultimately passed the Senate by a thumping 88-to-6 margin, but not until after wave after wave of segregationist amendments had been beaten back. The price was twofold: the bill contains a compromise amendment, called the Scott-Mansfield amendment, whose terms would have been unacceptable in any year but this; and the legislative infighting was a blow to the heretofore confident belief of thoughtful citizens that America would not renege on its promise of equal educational opportunity for everyone.

All week long, the Senate action was a seesaw contest of will, psychology, strategy and timing. When liberals saw the stack of segregationist amendments awaiting consideration—in an election year, in a terribly overheated atmosphere, and under an Administration that has shown absolutely no moral leadership for public commitment to equal opportunity—they knew that they would be obliged to fashion a compromise to head off disaster. Facing them, like an armada of destroyers bobbing in the waves off a beleaguered port, were Gambrell and Talmadge of Georgia, Ervin of North Carolina, Allen of Alabama, Baker and Brock of Tennessee, and that slick new gunboat from Michigan, the Griffin. The Southerners proved relatively easy to handle because their style was well known, and had served only to keep their supporters skewered on the distraction of racism. But the new arrival from Michigan was tough and dangerous because his style was unknown and unpredictable.

The opening psychological test was won by Scott-Mansfield, whose leadership posts ultimately gave them the important right to offer their amendment first. Had Griffin won this skirmish, when civil rights forces were still not quite sure of their numbers, a serious run on reason could have resulted and the Griffin amendment might well have been permanently attached to the Senate bill.

Scott-Mansfield, drawn with the important help of Senators Mondale, Javits, Hart and Pell, relied heavily on the language of the most recent major Supreme Court decision, the April 1971 case of *Swann* v. *Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education*, which affirmed that bussing is a valid tool for desegregation, except where "time or distance is so great as to risk either the health of the children or significantly impinge on the educational process." (Equally important for the long run, *Swann* counters the devious argument of many Congressmen who, perverting the intention of the 1954 *Brown* decision, insist that no pupil assignments be made on the basis of race. The unanimous *Swann* opinion, written by Chief Justice Warren Burger, reaffirmed the use of race as a yardstick for desegregation because "just as the race of students must be considered in determining whether a constitutional violation has occurred, so also must race be considered in formulating a remedy. To forbid, at this stage, all assignments made on the basis of race would deprive school authorities of the one tool absolutely essential to fulfillment of their constitutional obligation to eliminate existing dual school systems.")

Scott-Mansfield provides that no federal funds will be used for bussing except where local school authorities request it; it forbids federal agencies from pressuring school authorities to use locally raised money for bussing, except "where constitutionally required" (i.e., where schools are already under court-ordered desegregation); it would delay implementation, pending appeals, of court-ordered desegregation involving two or more school districts, such as in the recent Richmond, Va. case (this restriction will lapse if the Supreme Court hasn't ruled on the case by June 30, 1973); and it forbids bussing students to schools where educational opportunities would be "substantially less," or "where the time or distance of travel is so great as to risk the health of the child or significantly impinge on his or her educational process."

A full analysis of Scott-Mansfield will have to await eventual interpretation by the courts, but it would seem that the potentially most important feature, the one delaying implementation of court orders involving two or more districts, is almost moot anyway, since the Richmond case has already been stayed pending appeal to the circuit court. As for the other provisions, they generally approximate guidelines already established by the courts, and seem likely to cause only minimal change.

Thus the long-range significance of Scott-Mansfield may be the fact that it was necessary at all—that in 1972 the atmosphere is so feverish that the proponents of equal opportunity are compelled, in a sense, to go on the defensive rather than risk a straightforward appeal to conscience, as was possible in the past. Whether the "necessity" for compromise represented a turning away from the drive for equal rights, or was only a temporary miscalculation, will be decided by the events of the next few years.

In any case, Scott-Mansfield, coming up first, passed by a comfortable 51 to 37. The margin would have been wider had the Democratic Presidential aspirants not been out on the campaign trail. Two cleanup votes on various sections of the amendment also passed with ease, 50 to 38, and 79 to 9. These votes were so decisive that Senate liberals may have taken things a bit too much for granted when the Griffin amendment came

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up next day. It provided that no court may order pupils to "be transported to or from school on the basis of their race, color, religion or national origin."

In a sharp reversal of what had seemed a safe trend less than twenty-four hours before, Griffin passed, 43 to 40. Absent, on the campaign circuit, were Hubert Humphrey, Edmund Muskie, George McGovern, Vance Hartke and Henry Jackson—enough to have defeated the proposal. Also missing were Tunney, Bayh, Saxbe, Packwood, Williams and Inouye, all presumably opponents of the amendment, while Proxmire and Jennings Randolph of West Virginia defected from their normally pro-civil rights voting patterns. The one finer moment was the nay vote of Oklahoma's Henry Bellmon.

All the absentees save Jackson and Hartke returned to fulfill their Senatorial obligations after a long weekend of deserved chastisement in the press. Because of the odd and complicated way in which the bill had reached the floor, it was possible to vote on both Scott-Mansfield and Griffin a second time.

In what proved to be the decisive struggle, Griffin was defeated, 50 to 47, with only Jackson, Hartke and the ailing Karl Mundt failing to vote. Moments later, Scott-Mansfield came up again, scoring even more solidly than before, 63 to 34. Proxmire was joined in the nay column by Abraham Ribicoff, who protested that the amendment softened the national commitment to integration.

While the substantive damage of the Griffin amendment was thus undone, the scars of its initial success may remain, perhaps intangibly, to haunt those absentees from the first vote. The Senate version of the package must now be reconciled in conference committee with a far meaner product drawn up in the House of Representatives. Even the temporary Griffin victory soiled the Senate's previous commitment to common sense and racial justice, and the lapse is bound to weaken the bargaining position of the Senate conferees.

The House version includes three blatant anti-integration amendments. The first, by Michigan's William Broomfield, would stay the implementation of all court bussing orders until all appeals have been exhausted. The second, by Ohio's John Ashbrook, would bar the use of any federal funds to transport any students or teachers in order to desegregate any school. The third, by Oregon's Edith Green, would prevent any federal agency from withholding funds from districts that discriminate on the basis of race. This would in effect repeal Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which forbids the use of federal money by districts that do not comply with court-ordered desegregation plans, including bussing.

The determination of the anti-integration forces in the Senate was a marvel to behold. Even after that body's will was stated firmly in the second round of votes, they persisted. On the next day, as the Senate almost routinely turned aside a series of segregationist lobs tossed up by Senators Ervin, Talmadge, Gambrell and Chiles, and with exactly five minutes left before the firmly set 2 P.M. deadline for voting on the education bill as a whole, Robert Dole of Kansas offered just one last amendment, which turned out to be the Griffin amendment, spelled D-o-l-e. The trick almost worked, for the Republican-Southern strategists had noted the absence of two anti-Griffin votes, Senators Stafford and McGee. But all other forces repeated the previous day's vote, and Dole-Griffin lost, 48 to 47. Had one more voter been away, or merely ill at home, the vote would have tied and the Administration, in the person of Vice President Agnew, would finally have had to commit itself on this issue. Or, had just two more anti-Griffin votes been absent that day, the entire direction of the nation's commitment to equal educational opportunity would have been reversed.

There was a wealth of contradictions in the attempt to install the Griffin amendment. For one thing, many of its strongest backers were those who herald themselves as champions of "law and order"; yet the Griffin amendment would mock law by forbidding the courts to remedy wrongs discovered through their own proceedings. Moreover, the nucleus of support for the amendment included those who have devoted nearly two decades to diminishing the stature of law in this country through an unending stream of misleading attacks on the character and motives of the courts. Finally, the proposals by Griffin, a Republican, to bar federal money for desegregation bussing were to be appended to Republican-passed legislation authorizing $1.5 billion to help school districts that are in the process of desegregation.

One of the chief puzzles to those on both sides of the segregation issue continues to be the waffling of the Administration, which announces its opposition to bussing in almost the same breath that it reports action to desegregate more school systems. The false hopes thus raised, the confusions thus engendered, and the resultant rekindling of once flickering segregationist hopes have undeniably spurred much of the pressure that brought the Senate's action so perilously close to halting desegregation. Having succeeded in making "anti-bussing" a code word for resegregation, the Administration nearly saw Congress do what the Administration hints at through its Southern strategy, but never seems quite ready to implement on its own.

The only certainty about the House-Senate conference on the two bills is that it is sure to involve some rugged bargaining. It would seem likely that the House amendments would at least be substantially modified, but even if the final bill is moderate, more threats to desegregation are already under way. Sen. Henry Jackson, trying to head off George Wallace in the Florida primary, has proposed a constitutional amendment. In what amounts to a revival of the "separate but equal" doctrine, Jackson advocates that "no person shall be denied the freedom of choice and the right to . . . attend their neighborhood public school." Freedom of choice, of course, was the red herring whereby the South maintained dual schools for some ten years after the *Brown* decision, until the courts finally outlawed it.

To avoid the charge of advocating unequal opportunity, the Jackson amendment adds that federal funds would be used to insure that per pupil expenditures are the same in all districts, regardless of wealth. Thus schools which would remain racially separate, due to the first part of the amendment, would be technically equal because the same amount of money would be spent on each of their pupils. This ignores the considerable evidence that young-

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sters from deprived (ghetto) backgrounds tend to benefit by being removed from the totality of that environment and gaining their education with students from a wider range of backgrounds.

Jackson seeks hearings on his amendment later this month. Meanwhile, hearings are already under way on another proposed constitutional amendment, this one in the House. Known as H.J. Res. 620, it says that, "no public school student shall, because of his race, creed or color, be assigned to or required to attend a particular school."

H.J. Res. 620, to which is attached the name of Norman Lent of Long Island, N.Y., apparently to give Northern "legitimacy" to a basically Southern effort, has already made considerable progress. Seeking to bypass the House Judiciary Committee, where hearings are now being held, the amendment's backers are trying to bring it to the House floor by means of a discharge petition. They are doing this because they fear that the Judiciary Committee is sufficiently liberal to stall the amendment until it is too late to act upon it. A discharge petition requires 218 signatures (one more than half); to date, the Lent bill has 143 signers (three-fourths from the South), which is approximately what it had one month ago, when it seemed to stall. Indeed, at least three Congressmen have removed their names from the petition.

Those who favor a constitutional amendment rather than legislation do so for the most part in the belief that only an amendment is safe from being overruled by the Supreme Court. They have billed H.J. Res. 620 as an anti-bussing amendment, but opponents contend that that is only camouflage. They call it an anti-integration amendment and warn that it would roll back all the gains made since *Brown*.

The transparency of the thinking that went into the amendment became apparent when Representative Lent was questioned by the Judiciary Committee: he became so unnerved that he finally said he was "not a constitutional expert" and the committee could reword the amendment in any way it wished.

Amendment supporters, including an apparently endless number of "concerned citizens" groups, are unlikely to be daunted by mere rational rejoinders. They are organizing themselves into a nationwide network, apparently hoping to put a unified push behind the discharge petition.

Given the general reluctance of officials to speak out unflinchingly for reason and racial justice in the face of current emotion to the contrary (welcome exceptions being men like Sen. Walter Mondale, Florida Gov. Reubin Askew and Virginia Gov. Linwood Holton), a new citizen drive for the amendment could put some Congressmen in tight spots.

The militance of the backers might soften, however, in the face of no-nonsense responses from more leaders; that has often been the reaction of such groups in the past. Given the current stagnation of the petition, more Congressmen might well follow the example of California Rep. James Corman, who writes his anti-bussing constituents that "it is unconscionable that this Republic . . . should have separated children in school because of the color of their skin." Branding such situations "illegal and immoral," Corman concludes that it is time "finally to put an end to racial separation in our public schools. If bussing is one of the tools that would accomplish this, I would, for as long as it is needed, support the Supreme Court's requirement of it."

The future of the constitutional amendment route will be determined to a large extent by what course President Nixon advocates after weighing the options to be presented to him by his Cabinet-level study committee. Advance indications point to support for some sort of legislative remedy, since Vice President Agnew, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson, John Mitchell, and others

Oliphant, Denver Post

"Into the Bus, Off the Bus, Into the Bus, Off the Bus—Man, What an Education!"

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close to the President have publicly questioned the practicality of a constitutional amendment.

Whether it is really possible to develop *any* national legislation, much less a constitutional amendment, that can cover the hundreds of different situations presented by America's 18,000 school districts, is highly problematical. The legislation facing the House-Senate conferees certainly doesn't do it. There will be more attempts, such as a completely new National Educational Opportunities Act, drafted largely by Yale Law Prof. Alexander Bickel, and submitted recently by Reps. Richardson Preyer (N.C.) and Morris Udall (Ariz.). But given the realities of today's housing patterns and school money shortage, it is hard to see how any plan which seeks to halt bussing arbitrarily can be wholly productive.

This entire question of bussing is, in fact, enormously deceptive, and has so far been more useful to demagogy than to improving educational opportunities. Opponents of bussing uniformly label it "forced bussing," ignoring such realities as the actual reduction of bussing in many districts after desegregation; the often greater bussing employed by private white academies, whose students would travel less if they attended their desegregated public schools; and the fact that most bussing is the result of consolidated schools plus the need to protect metropolitan children from ever more dangerous traffic.

Nor do the courts require bussing merely to "set racial quotas," as advertised by the anti-bussers. The courts have ordered bussing and related measures *only* for the purpose of overcoming officially intended racial segregation. The *Swann* decision, moreover, strongly implied a distaste for bussing, but acknowledged that it was an indispensable device until something better could be created.

That "something better"—say, vigorously enforced open housing, or vigorously prohibited discrimination in employment, or even some legislative standards on what constitutes excessive bussing—has not been forthcoming from politicians for eighteen years. So the burden remains on the courts, where it has been since 1954.

The first major new Court decision—one that could be as momentous as *Brown*—is likely to come soon on *de facto* segregation (resulting from housing patterns), as opposed to *de jure* (legally sanctioned). This may answer the question of how much bussing is required to offset past discrimination, Northern style.

The courts are also filled with a collection of cases analogous to the Richmond situation, where city-suburban lines are crossed. It was this decision that set off the present mass panic, for it effects white suburbanites, who thought they had successfully fled the reach of the deteriorating inner-city schools. Similar cases are pending in Indianapolis, Wilmington, Del., Hartford and Grand Rapids; also the highly publicized case that involves the entire Detroit metropolitan area. These were the cases that provided the motive for such unfortunate proposals as the Broomfield and Griffin amendments in the House and Senate.

So the Congress is at last engaged in a flurry of activity over an issue that needed action eighteen years ago. Because that activity, when it finally appeared, is almost uniformly regressive, it is "progress" just to hold the line with what exists, hoping to try again soon in a calmer year.

But there may be one other measure of progress. Capitol Hill swarms these days with citizens wearing little red schoolhouses or "HELP" signs on their chests. They pack hearing after hearing, glowering bitterly at every witness who urges obedience to our courts. Nevertheless, their sour expressions are a considerable improvement over the hideous behavior of their predecessors, recorded by so many cameras a decade ago—white mothers, children in hand, screaming their lungs out at the terrifying apparition of wide-eyed little black children walking timidly to the schoolhouse door. □

TAIWAN'S DEVELOPMENT TYPHOON

EDMUND & MARIEL AMES

Mr. Ames is an urban and regional planner, formerly with the United Nations Development Program, now a consultant in Portland, Ore. Mrs. Ames taught at SooChow University, Taiwan.

Taiwan has suffered the blow of expulsion from the United Nations, yet it is one of the most productive nations in Asia and chances are good that it will continue its economic growth and intensified industrialization. Internally, Taiwan's main problem now is its runaway urbanization.

Within the last fifteen years Taiwan has transformed itself from a peasant agricultural economy centered upon the rice paddies, to an industrial economy centered upon the crowded cities. Surrounded by magnificent mountains and jungle countryside, Taipei, the capital city, is choked with people, cars, trucks and belching factories. Like most metropolitan centers in developing countries, Taipei is experiencing an appalling influx of rural people bent on finding a steady job with regular pay. Industrial complexes that produce locally well-known Western goods cluster on the perimeter of the city. More than seventy-five foreign firms in Taipei alone manufacture and export pharmaceutical supplies, electronic equipment, textiles, toys, chemicals, machinery, food and clothing. Among these are Admiral, Bendix, Zenith, RCA, Arrow, Mattel Toys, Dow Chemical, DuPont, Shell Oil and Singer. Many American electronic firms have set up Taiwanese assembly plants. Since the country notably lacks natural resources, nearly all raw material is imported. The prime ingredient of Taiwan is cheap labor, with wages two-thirds lower than in Japan and one-third lower than in Hong Kong. Young Taiwanese, eager to learn and quickly trained to do a single assembly line task, are paid about $1.80 per day. In the Mattel toy factory, where thousands of dolls are made each day, one girl paints only the eyebrows; another the whites of

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eyes; a third the lips. Their working conditions are good, and they earn more than they could elsewhere on the island.

Thus in the past fifteen years the Taiwanese have become geared to an industrial way of life and no one wants to give up its benefits—a rapidly improving economy with annual growth rates at a consistent 10 per cent, and a steadily rising standard of living. However, the cities lag behind. Sorely pushed to provide for an increasing urban population, they have been unable to provide housing and public facilities at a rate approaching the rise of their populations. Most Taiwanese city officials recognize the daily urban problems, but few realize the cumulative effect of a badly deteriorating urban environment.

The countryside remains beautiful. Flat land and terraced hillsides are covered with carefully tended rice paddies. No land goes to waste. Children play in the sunshine, and the air is clear. Yellow brick dwellings in the center of each large farm usually house extended families of thirty or forty related adults and children. Everyone works in the fields, and many of the adults commute by bicycle or bus to regular city jobs. The more remote rural areas lose their young people permanently to city jobs.

Taipei, the largest metropolis on the island, has grown from 400,000 people in 1956 to 1.8 million today. Few Western cities could pretend to cope with an increase of 350 per cent in sixteen years, yet such rates are common for cities in Asia, and they are all similarly baffled by the problems of this crushing growth.

Every week thousands of newcomers crowd into Taipei; for the most part, they move into squatter shacks or slum dwellings, generally doubling up with other families. The strain on housing, on public services, on schools, on such basics as garbage collection, water facilities and public transportation steadily increases.

Water is a multiple problem: getting it to the city, getting rid of waste water and sewage, preventing floods, keeping the city from sinking. Taipei is cursed with a bad location. It sits in the soggy bottom of a large valley, ringed by steep mountains and plateaus. All surface water flows to the center, where two sluggish, silted rivers join and drain to the China Sea 20 miles to the north. Tidal action raises and lowers brackish river waters; sections of the city are at sea level, their residents depending on dikes and flood walls to keep the water out. Squatter shacks and poverty housing abound in these low areas.

In normal weather the rivers carry the city's sewage out to sea, but during typhoons rainfalls of up to 24 inches in twenty-four hours are combined with high winds and heavy tides, and the city floods. Drains and streams back up; water seeps through the dikes to inundate houses and streets with waist-high water. In a city where population density is one of the highest in the world, the health dangers are obvious.

When typhoon Gloria slammed into Taipei in 1963, the entire basin flooded, the water rising 12 feet in many places. Hundreds of thousands were made homeless and jobless as flood water undermined foundations, ruined machinery, and deposited a residue of filth.

The municipal water system taps pure water in the mountains, but by the time it reaches Taipei, rusty and broken pipes have let in contaminents with a high bacteria

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

count (50,000 coli germs and 25,000 bacteria per 100 c.c.s.). Water for drinking must be boiled for twenty minutes. Pollution is becoming more serious as stagnant streams and sloughs fill with industrial wastes as well as garbage and raw sewage. A preliminary report for the World Health Organization warned that the life expectancy of the city's residents is shortened by one year because of the high incidence of gastroenteritic disease. The cost of treatment for water-borne disease is at least $4 per person per year.

Like Mexico City, which is slowly settling into its own mud, Taipei is sinking at the rate now of about 4 inches a year. But because of the compacting weight of new multistoried buildings and the excessive number of wells that pump water from the underlying strata, the subsidence rate increases each year. The city is trying to control well-drilling, and the volume of water that may be pumped from existing wells is restricted. But those are only stopgap measures as the flood levels rise, and the city continues to settle. Each year, heavy silting raises the river beds and makes the problem worse.

The inhabitants of any large city are in danger if they can see the air they breathe. Taipei's air is visible, often choking. Its basin, like that of Los Angeles, invites inversion; the mountains hold in smog and factory smoke. Much of the island's industry is concentrated around Taipei, with more than 200 large commercial and industrial smokestacks emitting dense clouds of smoke and fly ash. The sulphur dioxide content of the air is high, averaging .40 parts per million; dust fallout averages 22.44 tons per square kilometer a month, with records up to 40 tons.

Traffic may not be as heavy in Taipei as it is in Tokyo, but it is certainly noisier and probably more dangerous.

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Driver negligence and lack of driver experience have boosted the city's traffic accident and death rate to the worst in the world. In 1948 there were 675 motor vehicles in Taipei; last year registrations of cars, busses and motorcycles was 156,915. Population projections for Taipei and the surrounding region indicate that even with birth control, late marriages and a brake on immigration from the countryside, the population of the region will grow to about 6.3 million, double today's figure, by 1988.

Attempts have been made to handle some of the current problems. A squatter clearance program was begun about five years ago, and a start has been made to resettle some of Taipei's poverty families. A sewer plan has been designed by a firm of American engineers under the auspices of the World Health Organization, and an improved flood-control program has been proposed.

Recognizing that piecemeal solutions are not enough, the government started an Urban Housing and Development Committee. In 1965 under the joint sponsorship of the Republic of China and the United Nations Development Program, a team of planners, architects, engineers, sociologists and housing experts prepared plans for Taipei, and a regional plan for the Taipei-Keelung Basin. These plans were primarily directed to public facilities, traffic and transportation, housing, and to the regional problems of population, industry and flooding.

In connection with floods, the plans specifically recommended that no further development be permitted in the low areas, and that industry be denied further encroachment into the rice paddy lands. These diked fields, which once covered the flood basin, act as a giant sponge to hold in the waters. When such fields are filled in, agricultural land is lost and the floods become more devastating. Taiwan now produces enough food for its present population, but if current trends continue, thousands of acres of rich lands will be usurped by urban and industrial development, and the island will have to import basic foods.

In any rapidly growing region much of the problem is to find suitable locations for housing, industry and commercial centers. With regional land use plans, suitable locations can be coordinated with adequate transportation systems and proper public facilities. In the Taipei region, the plans recommended that satellite towns be placed in the plateau lands where industry can also locate. Eleven old towns in the surrounding hills are scheduled for major expansion.

The priorities established in the plans did not look to remove population from Taipei, but rather to provide space for the overspill population. An expanded regional transportation network provides greater facilities, and encourages the development of areas outside the concentrated center. The government, spurred by the personal interest of Chiang Kai-shek, established the Northern Taiwan Regional Development Commission. Scheduled as a five-year program, it will turn 1,000 square miles of land into a regional metropolitan area for Taipei and Keelung, plus thirty-three smaller townships.

Eight large industrial districts will be developed, and several major and minor commercial centers. The mountains surrounding the region will be reserves for national recreational and wilderness parks. The remainder of the region will be placed under agricultural reserve. Housing projects, the development of additional water resources, and new flood-control projects are approved for the regional development program.

Will all these rational and optimistic plans materialize? Probably not. While some of them may be accomplished, the central idea of dispersing growth away from the Taipei magnet will be hard to achieve. Even though there is much interest at the highest levels of government, and even though much study and professional skill have gone into the proposals, the political framework, lack of adequate financing, and urgent daily problems are enough to keep future plans from having much effect. Planning is still a new technique in Taiwan, as it is in most countries. □

LETTERS

peace game

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: As widespread public concern over the Indochinese war winds down, despite the increase in killing and bombing, many of us who have worked for peace over the past decade have recognized the need to make citizen action more effective in influencing our foreign policy.

The World Without War Council has published the *World Without War Game* because we recognize that human survival may depend on learning how to replace war with nonlethal means of conflict. This game employs modern communications and group dynamics to provide a weekend exploration of the realities of war and the possibilities of individual and group action to end war.

The *World Without War Game* was developed by Frank Herbert, author of *Dune*; Roy L. Prosterman, chairman of the Graduate Committee on Conflict Studies at the University of Washington; James Leonard, director of the World Without War Council of Seattle, and a diverse group of seminar participants. The game contains all the materials one person will need to plan a weekend for twenty to forty persons, including film suggestions, a group dynamics game, narrative scripts and curriculum samples. All creative work on the game was donated. The *World Without War Game* sells for $10. Write to World Without War Publications, 1730 Grove Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.

Anne M. Stadler

no cause for alarm

Arlington, Va.

DEAR SIRS: Robert Sherrill is right in his "Nassikas Sets Your Gas Bill" [*The Nation*, Jan. 17]. Gas prices are going up. So, too, are those of oil, coal and electricity. This is the consequence of the serious energy shortage facing the United States. In the case of gas the American Gas Association believes the producers should get higher prices to provide the encouragement to prospect for new sources in ever more costly areas—deeper underground and on the continental shelf. This means members of the American Gas Association—and in turn the public—will be paying more to their suppliers for gas. But we think this is worth it to insure adequate supplies of natural gas for continued high living standards, more employment and a cleaner environment.

The effect of the increase in wellhead prices will be less dramatic than alarmists like Mr. Sherrill suggest. All the decisions made so far to give the producers higher prices and thus a greater incentive will take more than ten years to add perhaps 5 per cent to the average customer's gas bill.

Obviously this sort of increase is dwarfed by the burdens which current rates of inflation place on the industry and its customers.

F. Donald Hart, American Gas Association

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Ideogram for 'Make It New'

THE POUND ERA. *By Hugh Kenner. University of California Press. 606 pp. $14.95.*

CHARLES MOLESWORTH
Mr. Molesworth teaches English at Queens College. He has published poetry and criticism in Salmagundi, Poetry, Centennial Review *and* Genre.

When Ezra Pound declaims that the idea of liberty, in the 19th century, "degenerated into meaning mere irresponsibility and the right to be just as pifflingly idiotic as the laziest sub-human pleased," the voice of the moralist barely survives the rant of the moralizer. In the age of theories celebrating the autonomy of the art object, theories which he himself fostered, Pound's work stands out most clearly as a moral rebuke. This is one of the central tensions that give energy to his writings, a belief that time will break down "all things save Beauty alone" struggling with the suspicion that bankers and bureaucrats will always reign supreme. From the civility of the would-be troubadour to the anxieties of the determined reformer, Pound's emotional seismograph was constantly in motion, and few people claim that the chart is easy to read.

Hugh Kenner's new book, clearly the capstone of his illustrious career, clarifies our reading of Pound and his era better than any single book of criticism. Kenner's book is, quite simply, a work of art. It has gathered from its chief subject the aesthetic values that make it brilliant, and that make it new: attentiveness, comprehensiveness, historical empathy, and tonal complexity and accuracy. Kenner has created an anatomy of an era, using Pound as the chief ganglion, but taking up other nerve and arterial systems as well. From a story in Joyce's *Dubliners* to a cat and a jam-closet in a lyric by William Carlos Williams, this book never flags, never gives in to the arcane, and is never satisfied with mere delight. The book, like its subject, has a morality closely tied to its aesthetic. Simply put, Kenner's chief assumption postulates that waste—all waste, economic, artistic, social—is the chief sin, and the chief sinners are the lazy and the inattentive. He believes, like Blake, that energy is eternal delight.

In his last chapter Kenner spends 3 pages describing the Adige Valley and the castle where Pound resided just after his release from St. Elizabeth's in 1958. The description begins with the Roman watchtowers built to overlook the invasion routes of the transalpine barbarians, goes on to mention that German is spoken through the valley though it is nominally Italian, how Kafka visited the region in 1920, and how the castle ended in the hands of an Egyptologist, Pound's son-in-law. The pages read like a prose version of the *Cantos*, one historical matrix illuminating another, driving our attention to ephemeral associations and yet fixing in the memory some ineffable awareness, some "image." But not all of the book presents its arguments in this manner. Kenner is as adaptable, as pragmatic, and as resourceful as one of his teachers, Buckminster Fuller.

Fuller's ideas have influenced Kenner greatly and the critic is at pains to demonstrate that Fuller and Pound are geminate spirits. Kenner treats Pound's key term, the "vortex," as an example of what Fuller would call "patterned energy." Both men are concerned with what Kenner sees as self-interrupting energies, fields and flows of energy which become visible as they affect material substances, but are not impeded or delimited by any particular material manifestation. Quoting Ernest Fenellosa's statement that things are "cross-sections cut through actions," Kenner goes on to develop his own chief image, or "radiant node or cluster," for the Pound era. It is the image of "persistent pattern manifested in ceaseless change." This image helps him explain Pound's interest in Confucius, Williams' fascination with the Passaic Falls, Joyce's concern with wanderers and exiles, and Wyndham Lewis' obsession with fame.

But while Kenner's figure of speech becomes a model for organizing his thought, it doesn't transform every artist it touches into an indistinguishable cipher. Instead it is applied with such supple care that it can, for example, in a remarkably short space correct our notion of Eliot as no more than a melancholy High-Churchman. One literary element that Kenner never loses track of is tone, and that is what makes him more successful than all but a handful of the people in his profession. Many critics can analyze ideas, or sort out historical forces, or erect workable theories, but few can render justice to the complexity of tone that is one of the chief characteristics of significant literature. Kenner is able to do this partly because the control of his own writing is so delicate. Here is an example, a comment on the poem "The Spring," from Pound's early period:

> Not, good Lord, a translation: a poem made of words from another poem, with three lines (the last three) added to supply a new plot. Cydonian spring puts forth as formerly her transfiguring power, but she I lament returns only as a ghost. Against loss and regret (now: London) the world of the gods: it is Pound's familiar theme in those years. But the gods' world is likewise *now*; the diction, firm, blithe, immediate, sets these realities not at the far end of millennial perspectives but in just such a foreground as sensual realities occupy. . . .

That triplet of adjectives used to describe the poem's diction is more accurate, and hence is worth more, than a half-dozen typical scholarly essays. This particular passage is preceded by a literal translation of the Greek fragment Pound was working with, together with a comment on grammatical structure and suggestions about the connotations of certain words. (Kenner is at his very best when discussing Pound's borrowings from other languages, something to which critics have long paid lip service but rarely illuminated.) Following the passage is a brief speculation about Picasso and Cubism which amplifies the remark about perspective in the last sentence. And so the book goes, moving from one frame of reference to another with remarkable ease.

One must resist the temptation to turn literary analysis onto Kenner's own text, so rich is its suggestiveness. Compounded of textual analysis, cultural history, literary biography, and comparative philology, the book reads nonetheless like an intimate but urgent memoir. The five dozen illustrations that truly illustrate, the restriction of documentation to a minimum (and in the back where it belongs, with no raised numerals to mar the text), and the superbly readable type are all signs of the care with which the book was made. Pound's own aesthetic is as complex as that of any modern artist, with its erudition, its terminology, its polemic. Yet Kenner's treatment of it seems lucid as it skates over image, vortex, periplum and luminous details. When Kenner describes the Cantos about banking, however, he says: "Though the facts are in the text we are not told, ex-

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cept in a retrospective phrase ten Cantos later. So a poetic opposed to generalizations is thwarting its own didactic purpose." The book, no slavish homage, argues carefully as well as comprehensively.

As high-minded and remote as the poet's role is in Kenner's and Pound's view, it is a role supported by fellow artists and scholars as well. Kenner conceives of the community of letters as a community of learning, both self-instruction and social instruction. "Men engaged on research commonly suppose they are doing it because it is there to be done, like housecleaning; but the intuitions that drive them have frequently been divined by poets, the ventriloquists of social need." We ourselves can divine in these words Kenner's view that the scholar's role must be understood in moral and social terms. Yet the artist and the scholar seem condemned to be ignored. "So was Pound's last St. Elizabeth's project, an anthology, *Confucius to Cummings*, meant for use in classrooms. He persisted in his overestimation of classrooms." *The Pound Era* reads in many ways like a death knell, a lament for the whole profession of letters. The chapter describing Wyndham Lewis' encroaching blindness and neglect at the end of his career is truly saddening, and obviously Kenner means it to be prognostic. Much of this book's strength comes from its moral, though never moralizing, outrage.

Along with the idea of persistent patterns visible in ceaseless change, Kenner develops the idea of "cultural inheritance," a notion borrowed from Douglas' book, *Economic Democracy*. Cultural inheritance includes all value that can be conferred because of work that constitutes a "design done once and for all"; this includes the printed circuit as well as the printing press. Along with cultural inheritance, Douglas analyzes the "increment of association," which is the value gained when men work together. Cultural inheritance and the increment of association combine to create "Social Credit," the key term Pound discovered in Douglas. The analogies between Douglas' thinking and the traditions in literature that Pound felt compelled to make available to the English-speaking poet—models and traditions as diverse as those of the "Seafarer," Arnaut Daniel and Confucius—are obvious, but that didn't stop Pound from feeling them forcefully. These traditions are part of Pound's moral vision, and it is to Kenner's credit that he can present them so that they seem not only plausible but inevitable tools for Pound's vocation as poet-teacher.

While all this suggests that the book is wholly praiseworthy, it has features to which certain readers may take exception. For example, the chapter on

IN THE COUNTRY OF URGENCY, THERE IS A LANGUAGE

(To Marianne Moore)

"Ezra Pound said never, NEVER to use any word you would not actually say in circumstances of utmost urgency."

I

"Can you hear me? I talk slowly now,"
You said, months past. "When Ezra Pound
Came, he could not say a word."
When your voice waned, I prodded syllables,
Examined frequencies, listened for cadences,
Demanding clarity. Sounds inconceivable
Have meaning now. Four heavy stresses:
"How is your work?" Light syllables:
"Do I look well?" Fire-forced speech
Caught, wordless. It will suffice.

II

December 22, 1970

In the country of urgency, there is a language
I hear as I follow the fall of your hand
And a blue light from the door of your dark apartment.
Your body vanishes behind bedrails.
Your hand I can't let go flows into me.

Blue eyes burn images in me. Your friend my father,
Who has prepared me numb, preparing himself,
Pours a red scarf over your bedjacket.
Blue eyes flirt with him (you have taught me to love him),
Then search my knees to see if my skirts are longer.

My father blesses us both, in so many words,
In the language of his country. Father, listen
To these sounds, these images, these necessary
Gestures. They are a language. They will suffice.

III

September 17, 1969

No note from you. Remembering your leopard,
"Spotted underneath and on its toes,"
And how you'd said, "a leopard isn't spotted
Underneath, but in the tapestries it is,
And I liked the idea," I brought the photograph
Of leopards spotted everywhere. Home from the hospital,
Immobile, in a billowing blue gown,
You stalked those beasts and raised yourself in bed:
"Those are cheetahs, Grace!" and lay down again.

IV

Your silence is a terrible fire in me that sings on to be fed,
A musical wind that splits my craft, hail-hard, that lashes me dumb.
It is a strange country. Where are the maps,
The lighthouses, the gyroscope you gave me
That rights itself in motion? I have forgotten my name
As well as the irregular conjugations I memorized.
Occasionally, though, a blue light flashes directions
Over dangerous shale, and I hear you
Over protest shouts, explosions, immolations,
Over unreliable telephone connections, I hear you
Over labels, over a broken air conditioner, a plane;
I hear you over the silences we call conversation.
Your voice rolls in me thunder in a night of invisible stars,
And I wake to the sounds of your silence. They are a language.
They will suffice.

Grace Schulman

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Pound's incarceration at Pisa tries desperately to avoid sentimentality, but occasionally its irony becomes too blunt. Also, Pound's anti-Semitism is not discussed as fully as it might have been, though that horrible chapter in Pound's career will probably remain to haunt and puzzle his admirers for decades. The exposition of Major Douglas' theories about economics and Social Credit is amazingly clear, but it leaves one wondering why Pound was not attracted to more conventional and viable political opinions—even left-wing opinions. Douglas' criticism of the capitalist banking system is almost worthy of Lenin; Mussolini's beginnings as a Socialist can be chalked up to political opportunism, perhaps, but surely Pound's economic views might easily have led him to a strong anti-capitalist, anti-class position. But there was his deeply ingrained elitism—again, the reformer and the troubadour clash. This viper's tangle remains knotted, though Kenner shows how pondering simple economic injustices can drive any sensitive man to madness. Also, Pound's translations, long criticized by experts, Kenner defends as "deflections undertaken with open eyes," though many will persist in finding them ample evidence for Pound's willful and egocentric personality.

But every criticism that can be leveled against the book brings us back to its essential seriousness. Kenner obviously believes with Pound the dictum that artists are the antennas of the race. This metaphor, taken seriously, implies a truth beyond any concern with sensitivity or the *avant-garde,* because it argues that the artist is the primary register of the possibilities of behavior. Pound, after all, quotes this dictum in an essay entitled "The Teacher's Mission." In this very nexus, of alert and attentive receptivity as the surest corrective and guide to moral and aesthetic "norms," lies the strength of Pound's authority. Concerned with the now all too obvious breakup of Western European values, the poet resorted to any of the repositories of wisdom he could find, but always with two desiderata foremost: sincerity and accuracy. The Chinese ideogram showing a man "standing by" his word means sincerity. The ideogram which translates "make it new" has an ax and tree, showing the need to clear the dead timber of cliché and "emotional slither" so the truth may sprout clearly forth. Such simplicity at the root of his concerns allowed Pound to believe that Fenellosa the Sinologist, Douglas the economist, Cavalcanti the lyricist, and Gaudier the sculptor had all "perceived a common moral truth." This, argues Kenner, was "the validation of [Pound's] syncretism."

The final measure of Kenner's success is his own syncretism, an ability to "understand the behavior of whole systems." This in fact is one of the chief attributes of the moralist, and only when he drowns in particulars does he become a moralizer. Pound's era appears superficially as a system without Truth, only fragmentary truths; sometimes it appears as if these particular fragments are all the artists of that time had a right to expect. Yet each major writer was compelled to systematize, however forlornly; think of Williams' "variable foot" as a desperate foundation of a prosody doomed to relativism.

This book is a lament for the passing of the Pound era, but a lament so considered, so full of praise and feeling, that it becomes a part of the apotheosis of the artists it set out to analyze. What affects Kenner most deeply, I think, is how easily we might take this era for granted; "we think that imagined world of theirs old hat: a strange illusion since it was never colonized. A landing party or two set down, no more." How easily we could become lazy, and stop paying attention. The "era" could become just another historical "period." Though their work may ultimately prove disparate, and their truths those of wandering colonizers without an empire, the artists of this era ought to survive. Mr. Kenner's energetic genius has helped see to that. □

In This Time of Mannerist Art

PAINTER'S PROGRESS. *By Maurice Grosser. Clarkson N. Potter. 246 pp. 11 color plates, 59 black-and-white plates. $8.95.*

DONALD RICHIE
Mr. Richie is the Curator of Film at the New York Museum of Modern Art. He is the author of Japanese Cinema *and* The Inland Sea.

Contemporary art, whatever its eventual worth, continues to reflect these torn times, to mirror with a hundred techniques and a thousand styles the dissensions and differences which mark the century—which make it a period of continued transition and its art mannerist. The subject matter of painting has become painting itself and the goal, mere originality. The contemporary painter is so preoccupied in finding an original way to say something that this seriously interferes with what is being said. A consequence is that much contemporary art makes no attempt to explain our age; it merely reflects it.

Fairly early in his long and distinguished career as a painter Maurice Grosser discovered one of the reasons. Painters of his generation and later had not been taught how to paint. It was natural that the subject of a contemporary painting should be the painting itself since the artist, unable to avail himself of techniques known to the old masters, had to learn how to put paint on canvas.

When Mr. Grosser first came to painting, the academies which had furnished the framework for Western painting for three centuries were already in ruins. "In the twenties, when I was beginning my studies, all that remained of this complex body of tradition was the habit of drawing from the nude in charcoal on a large piece of paper." Many painters saw in this lack freedom, even license. Grosser, however, saw that he must search "for some sort of painting tradition I could use."

This painter's progress led him through most of the disciplines: from pencil to watercolor, from tempera to fresco, from stained-glass to oil. He was taught these techniques by some of the last who knew them and in this book has put down everything he learned. Thus, on this first level, the book is a valuable compendium of now almost vanished knowledge.

There are other levels in this admirable book. One of them is autobiographical. Virgil Thomson, the author's lifelong friend, "declared that I was an academic painter, which was splendid . . . because there hadn't been a good one in a long time." Another close friend, Gertrude Stein, "seeing a small sketch of mine . . . remarked rather maliciously, 'What is that; a Cézanne?' I replied in all innocence, 'No, an unfinished picture,' an answer which seemed to amuse her a great deal." The author's quest for a tradition he could use led him apart from most of the other painters of his generation because he was one of the few who had learned the forgotten techniques. And it is true that during a period when technique is scorned, and where only the apparently original is granted any artistic worth, a painter is given small incentive to master any of the demanding disciplines of his craft. Our period, however, is perhaps the only one to have made lack of traditional knowledge a virtue, to have purposely contrived incomprehensibility.

Since aesthetic and historical knowledge is fading as fast as technical knowledge, the author found that he must re-

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define art history for himself, and this results in yet another level in this excellently informed book. On the Fauves, he writes: "Color harmonies based on only bright pigments are limited. That is why the Fauves so quickly exhausted the possibilities of the idea, and probably is why Fauvism as a school of painting had such a short life." On Art Nouveau: "A style whose peculiar character depends entirely on a systematic use of the weak curve . . . that line which starts out as if to end up in a snap, and then goes on to do something else." On Impressionism: "The basic idea was this—if a painter could get down on his canvas the exact shape which an object presented to his eye and give to these shapes their proper values and colors, then another eye, viewing the canvas, would receive the same sensation that the painter had received and out of them would automatically recreate the image of the object as the painter had seen it."

In the course of the book, Grosser's viewpoint—almost unique in modern art criticism in that his bird's-eye view sees contemporary art in its proper and tiny place at the end of a long tradition—allows us to see clearly what more nearsighted views miss. He is able to follow the deterioration of an image from Botticelli through Burne-Jones to Beardsley; is able to note that "it is evident from the sculpture alone, though drawings confirm it, that Degas' knowledge of form was profound and that Matisse's was hasty and relatively superficial"; is able to examine that knot which in our time unites painter, critic and picture seller.

Grosser early "began to understand the launching of a painter by a picture merchant cannot be undertaken on the strength of one or two pictures, no matter how good they are, but on the possibility of a suite of works all done in . . . a style which the public may be taught to identify. Painters like Corot and Canaletto, Miró, Chagal, and Bernard Buffet would not have enjoyed their spectacular commercial success had their work not been so unmistakably typed." On the other hand, each modern painter's new show must also be different, "though not so different that they could not all be recognized as the same painter's work. And this is the reason why Picasso . . . was led to change his style of painting so often and so radically."

These are strong words, particularly since the myth of the artistic infallibility of originality is stronger than in all previous romantic ages. The suggestion that Picasso, say, relies on considerations other than inspiration seems a heresy.

The author is indeed a heretic, and an impenitent one, too. For this reason his book will probably not be given the attention it deserves. He does not fly in the face of contemporary art criticism so much as he ignores that rather large body. His assumptions are so different from those of a majority of critics that silence may well be their only answer. Yet, at the same time, the bankruptcy of "Contemporary art" (which does not include even a fraction of all the paintings painted in our time) is a secret ill-kept enough so that Grosser's experiences may nevertheless reach a number of ready ears.

Characteristically, the author, seeing Western painting as a broken whole, fractured by its very nature, but complete, finds if not hope a new kind of continuation. "By the establishment's own theory of artistic progress, the only valid artistic evolution is one which by its very nature is unacceptable to the current establishment. And one is driven to the strange conclusion that the most advanced and revolutionary thing in the art world today would be a simple representational painting."

Any such painting should be based upon a knowledge of how to paint. If contemporary style (the new academy) is based upon lack of this knowledge, any future style must begin to incorporate it. Thus Grosser ends his book with a statement of his intention in writing it. "Certain of the general practices of representational painting can be described, and the principles on which they are based can be explained, and there are a few useful recipes which can be given. I have thought it worthwhile to take time off and do so. Perhaps it will serve for something." □

When All the Continents Are Dark

THE VICTIMS. *By Isidore Okpewho. Doubleday & Co. 221 pp. Paper $1.95.*

THE WANDERERS. *By Ezekiel Mphahlele. The Macmillan Co. 351 pp. $6.95.*

CLIMBIE. *By Bernard Dadié. Africana Publishing Corp. 157 pp. $4.95. Paper $2.75.*

BURTON BENDOW

Mr. Bendow is the author of a book on the Italian cinema. A contributor to leading journals, he writes frequently on literature and the arts.

There is such a thing as The African Novel. Not because all African writers have the same outlook or the same intentions but because many of them inhabit the same cultural no man's land. By schooling they are Europeans—but not quite. The languages they use, the sentiments they express, the very moral standards by which they denounce their masters or former masters, have all been learned from them. But often learned too late or at the cost of too many humiliations. A year at Oxford or Columbia or the Sorbonne—what servitude for young men perpetually made conscious of their color, their provincial accent, their awkwardness and ignorance! Now, however, they have struck off their chains. Here and there they can boast of their own cities and armies and brave new bureaucracies, all furnished with second-hand busses, rifles and typewriters from Europe, and enroll in their own universities staffed by elderly dons who still teach Latin or by eager young guest lecturers who import the latest word on Joyce or Genet from London or Paris. Oh, modified servitude! Where can they hold up their heads and draw in the ozone of freedom? Where is the Africa that was promised? Some seek it among the people. They enter the native quarter in a fraternal ecstasy of "negritude" and embrace the people. But after the fit wears off, what have they to do with the ruined tribes?

Of the three novels to be reviewed here, *The Victims* best illustrates the mood of disenchantment with native life. The old tribal ways, once romantically envisioned as the last strongholds of resistance to Europe, are shown here as so many dead forms. To be specific, the traditional polygamous family is first shown *in extremis* and then laid out. The husband drinks, and when he can stagger home it is always with empty pockets. The two wives hate him and hate each other and each other's children. The children, at least the girls, follow suit. And every tenth page describes a quarrel so murderous that none of the motives in the case can quite account for it. These creatures are moved by a rage that has no cause, unless one were to look for causes in the author himself; they seem to be puppets obeying a spiteful master. Only the husband's old mother has a firm sense of what is right, though she thinks to impose it by scolding. And only the two little half-brothers, sons of the different wives, are fond of each other. Their affection is touching because, under this roof, it must be clandestine.

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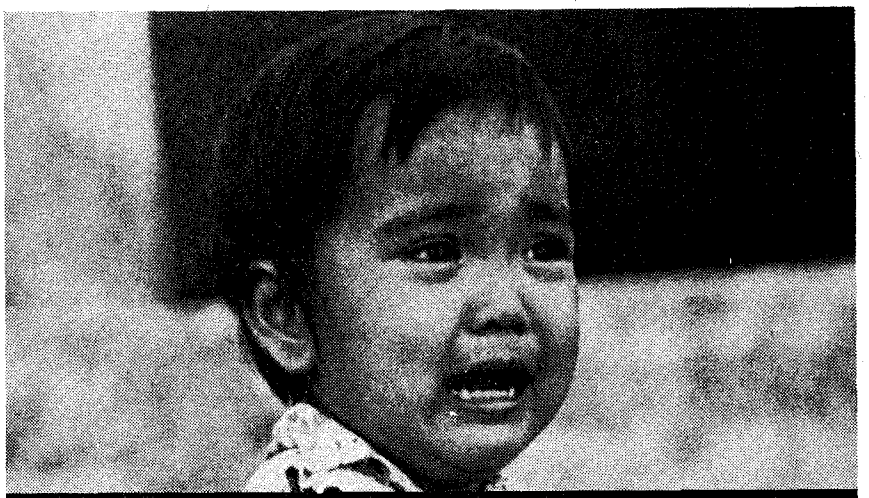
The author, Isidore Okpewho, maintains a detachment from his puppets that is positively Olympian, not to say British. He pities them from a great height as victims of Nigerian social chaos; they are caught in a trap. But it is largely a trap of his own making. His notion of plot is purely Aristotelean, and he constructs one of those machines that grind inexorably to a conclusion but that seem, after the book is shut, rather arbitrary and pointless. The first wife is so tormented by envy of the second that she buys poison from the local sorcerer and litters the last chapter with the corpses of her rival and all the children, including her own son who accidentally tastes the fatal stew. She then goes mad. All this presses out very few tears, perhaps because the dead—again excepting the two little half-brothers—were so unlovable in life. But all the trappings of tragedy are on show—brooding descriptions of landscape in the manner of Hardy, and even a chorus of two crones who poke the fire in a neighboring hut and mutter comments on the action. *The Victims* rarely rises above the level of an academic exercise. Okpewho gives too little of himself, and what he gives is unpleasant.

Ezekiel Mphahlele comes from South Africa and can by no means take a position above the battle. Though he has gone through the university mill and is himself a teacher, he rebels against the tyranny of a British formal education. Even his English is defiantly unliterary, meant to be forthright but often just clumsy. He calls for the creation of some new culture that is to be magnificently Pan-African. But, in the absence of any such renaissance, he turns to things American. His first novel is called *Down Second Avenue*; he is solemn about jazz and the cult that goes with it; he now has a post at the University of Denver. And his idea of the novel is largely that of certain American writers of the thirties—the exposé of conditions, the sort of radical journalism that indignantly reports the facts. Mphahlele's way of setting the scene—with a barrage of news clippings, radio bulletins and snatches of talk—clearly derives from Dos Passos. Another model is the autobiographical novel as practiced by more recent American black writers, in which the hero, who is indistinguishable from the author, suffers in his own flesh all the wrongs of his race; and the more he suffers the more white injustice stands condemned. The hero of this book is both a reporter who denounces every crime of the local Caesars and a martyr who strikes back by crying out in the first person. Mphahlele attacks on two fronts. And in the



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thick of things he does encounter real people in real crises.

The Wanderers, then, is about the sort of event that makes headlines. The title is unvarnished fact. No wanderings of the soul are implied, no inner wilderness, no spiritual quest. The hero and his friends are men of action, defeated revolutionaries who are sure of their aims even in defeat, and who wander—literally—through three countries, none of them a refuge. In writing of his own country, Mphahlele is at his best. He is familiar with South Africans of all kinds and makes little sketches of them in passing—all mere profiles but obviously drawn from life and collectively descriptive of the national dourness produced by repression. Moreover, this police state, where every form of protest is treasonable, is as rife with danger and intrigue as any of those disaster areas mentioned on the front page. The hero has to use all his courage and cunning to gather material for an article on the horrors of forced farm labor. And when he decides to emigrate —illegally, for he is refused a passport —he has to cross the border at the risk of his life.

But living in exile deprives Mphahlele of a subject. His picture of Nigeria is more superficial. He tells the news, the unseating of a dictator by a military junta, but it touches him less. Also, he travels in an international bohemian set —mostly mixed couples of the kind one might meet in New York's Village—but he knows nothing of the sort of village Okpewho writes about. And drunk with his new found freedom, he welcomes these new friends uncritically as comrades in arms and gives no sense of what they are like; they exist only as names appended to a few words of dialogue. His account of Kenya is still more perfunctory. Though nominally independent, it is still a white man's club. He makes a few friends and describes them not at all.

Mphahlele, or his hero, blames this nomad existence for the rashness of his eldest son, who runs away to join the guerrilla forces fighting South Africa and gets himself killed. Actually the boy leaves home because his mother nags and his father has a heavy hand. And since he is characterized only by a few sullen silences and is hardly mourned by his parents, who take the news with surprising stoicism, his death is no great loss. It serves to end a book whose theme is rootlessness, to provide yet one more instance of the miseries of being a refugee. A personal tragedy is used as a political indictment. And the misfortunes of many other characters point the same political moral. In better hands, perhaps, this method might have worked. But Mphahlele is too bent on arousing indignation to take much interest in his characters beyond their usefulness as illustrations, and sometimes too concerned with merely giving the facts to take any interest in them all. There are lumps of sociology even in the narrator's soul searchings and his intimate talks with his wife. Mphahlele's notion of the truth is not much more serviceable than Okpewho's aesthetic ideal of fiction.

Bernard Dadié is quite as conscious an artist as Okpewho and as fervent a social critic as Mphahlele. But he is not yet so drained or embittered as to have given up the romantic vision. Africa for him is still a garden where tribes and nations flourish like trees in the rain forest. And he is able to throw himself into the storyteller's trance and give the reader the illusion, while it lasts, of living there. Or rather of having lived there. For in *Climbié* he recalls his childhood after an interval of many years and, by writing of it not only in the past tense but in the third person, he makes it seem still farther away, an Eden from which he is irrevocably banished.

It is the Ivory Coast, this Eden, where Dadié was born and raised and where the young Climbié, obviously Dadié as a boy, capers about in aboriginal innocence. There is the farm laboriously kept from reverting to jungle by an old uncle full of wise saws and ghost stories, the town with its markets and vendors' cries by day and drums and dances by night, the school or the many different schools with strangely arbitrary rules and ogrish headmasters—all seen through the wide eyes of the African child. The only other character in the book is the narrator, an adult who is in effect a European and who looks back on all this wistfully. The decay of the old mores troubles Dadié as well as Okpewho; indeed, as the present Minister of Culture of the Ivory Coast, he is doing his best to preserve what is left of them. But, more than that, he seems to suffer personally as a *déraciné* who gropes after his own lost birthright. Traditional feasts are described and folk tales retold in a haze of nostalgia.

The point of the book, then, is not only how a boy becomes a man but, more important, how an African is turned into a European—by means of a French education. Most of Part I concerns the school days of Climbié, and they were not always golden. Students were permitted to speak nothing but French. Anyone caught speaking his native tongue got "the token," a small cube of some heavy material, which meant that he had to sweep the classroom at the end of the day. Had to, that is, unless he could palm off the token on some other boy thoughtless enough to burst into Fanti or N'zima before school was over.

> From the day the token first appeared, a coldness settled over the school. . . . In place of the carefree mingling, the noisy revels and frantic chases, the fights during which dialect was spoken fluently, as if this gave courage, one now saw only small groups of boys whispering timidly, distrusting any person who passed nearby or sat next to them as if by chance. . . . This person would take the liberty of speaking in, say, the Agni dialect; whoever answered him would answer suspiciously in French. But to a friend, without distrust, you spoke your own dialect. Cheerfully and at once, he would give you the token.

For all Dadié's complaints, this education took. As far as one can judge by reading him in translation, he writes beautiful French. His book is a short one, with only two characters—if the narrator can be called a character—and with no plots or poisonings to lend excitement. Its interest depends entirely on the tone, a delicate playing off of naive African enthusiasm against European knowingness. And the work of sustaining this tone falls largely on the language, the lyrical prose French writers use to evoke the far away and long ago. Just which writers it is hard to say in this case, with only the English edition to go by, but Alphonse Daudet comes to mind.

Unfortunately this tone is not sustained in Part II. Climbié is by now a man in the French civil service who differs less and less from Dadié, a man in the French literary line. And the book dies as the two merge into one; for it was the distance between them, and the longing to cross it, that gave life to Part I. Mphahlele, who writes the introduction to Climbié, praises "the marvellously subtle shift in Dadié's style, especially in Part II; the style 'grows up' with Climbié." In this he only shows his own bias; he misinterprets Part II as a further stage in the hero's education—how a French civil servant becomes an African revolutionary. And certainly there are references to meetings of young radicals, reports of political events in the Mphahlele manner, and sermons full of hope for the future—all of them jarring and out of key. The real subject here is still the yearning for the past. Climbié does at last go home, only to be received as a stranger by his own people and clapped into jail as an agitator by the French. There he realizes that he can't go home again, that the past cannot be recaptured. But on his release he looks forward, not back, to a new Africa. Dadié is too

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committed to the cause to be content with the gloomier but more logical ending.

And there lies the essential weakness of the book, even of Part I. Mphahlele unwittingly puts his finger on it. "Things happen to Climbié; he never 'happens' to them, until he reacts to white domination once he is back home . . . like a plant, he is part of the landscape which we view through him." A schoolboy like this one must have had some incentive to work hard, some sort of love affair with France and French literature, in order to become the accomplished writer that he did. But Dadié wants to glorify Africa and regards every day in a French school as a step in the wrong direction, further away from his roots. He counts the losses of this education, never the gains. And Climbié must be a victim of it, a passive creature who responds with great sensitivity to the scenes around him but never acts in them, hardly the stuff to be the hero of a novel. Indeed, *Climbié* is not a novel in the accepted sense; it is really a feat of scene painting, a wash of local color. And Africa is the real hero.

The predicament of African writers is not unique. Think of the Americans, especially the young, who burn their draft cards, march on the Pentagon, storm the halls of learning, scorning alike the professor's reading list and the businessman's suit and tie, and who do reverence to the rags and tags of popular culture—farmer's jeans, movies, jive talk, rock tunes, soul food, what have you. Explorers nowadays need not set out for the Dark Continent; it is at their doorsteps. □

'The Master of the Good Name'

SOULS ON FIRE: Portraits and Legends of Hasidic Masters. *By Elie Wiesel. Random House. 268 pp. $7.95.*

DANIEL STERN
Mr. Stern is author of The Suicide Academy, The Rose Rabbi *and other novels.*

Souls on Fire is one of those books for which there is no pre-existing model. Part personal statement, part learned text, it is a lyrical exploration of the major Hasidic Masters, their personalities, their historical destinies, their vision, paralleling the historical and spiritual journey of that strange movement. It is to philosophical and theological books what Hasidism is to Orthodox Judaism; the poem instead of the unyielding theory; the song and legend instead of the didactic statement.

The lyricism and the personal tone (as opposed, for example, to that of Martin Buber's famous studies which are objective in feeling) can be explained by a reference in the author's prefatory note:

> *My father, an enlightened spirit, believed in man.*
> *My grandfather, a fervent Hasid, believed in God.*
> *The one taught me to speak, the other to sing.*
> *Both loved stories.*
> *And when I tell mine, I hear their voices.*
> *Whispering from beyond the silenced storm,*
> *they are what links the survivor to their memory.*

Thus, in Wiesel's own family, the two strains of Judaism were present: that of liberal humanistic Judaism, and the mystic strain of Hasidism. Both are linked, historically, by the Messianic drive. The former has expressed that drive in utopian social movements, the latter by hoping and praying for the literal coming of the Messiah.

The seeds his grandfather had planted might never have taken root had not the young Wiesel encountered Hasidism in the death camps to which he was deported as a boy.

> . . . In the shadow of the executioner, they celebrated life. Startled Germans whispered to each other of Jews dancing in the cattle cars rolling toward Birkenau: Hasidim ushering in the feast of Simchat Torah. And there were those who, in Block 57 of Auschwitz, tried to make me join in their fervent singing.

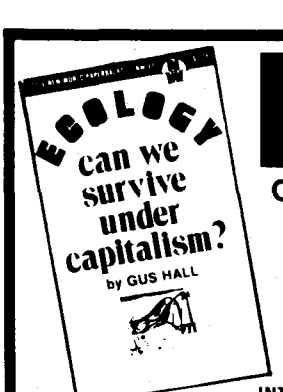
Twenty-five years later he has added his voice to their song, and tells their story. It begins with one man, the Baal-Shem-Tov (Master of the Good Name), born about 1700. He came into a world in which many poor Polish and Russian Jews were without the learning that could give them access to the richness of the written Torah. They were at a distance from a Rabbinate grown rigid in the letter of the law. As an answer to alienation from a living Judaism, Hasidism was born. And the poor, unlettered *shtetl* Jew was given a voice. Sometimes wild and, to outsiders, shrill, it was direct speech addressed by the human spirit to God.

But *Souls on Fire* is not to be read as sociology, theology or the history of religion—though it is all of these. It is a novel written by history in which the characters are of towering stature: these Masters are wild men, sages, self-doubters, princes of pride. They embody every vice and virtue, but on a superhuman scale.

The audacity of the Baal-Shem, for example, audacity being a characteristic of pioneers. Before a synagogue service he cautions his followers not to laugh no matter what happens. He then calls upon the Seven Shepherds of the World, including Adam and Abraham, to come up and read from the Torah. When these distinguished guests do not arrive he calls upon the Messiah himself to join in. At this point his disciples finally burst out laughing. And the Master refuses to look at them.

They are an amazing company these Masters. They battle against pride, involving whole villages in their battle. Or, like Israel of Ryzhyn, they assume the worldly pomp of a prince. They struggle with God, or, in certain mysterious cases, try to provoke him with silence—or even with their contempt and anger. They engage in feudal rivalries for power, and as often throw the power away. As time goes on the enterprise grows more desperate: God and the Messiah are importuned, are attacked and defended, hated and loved. The rest of the Jewish world looks upon the Hasidim as half-mad extremists of the imagination. And along with all this there develops a literature of tales and parables that is perhaps the movement's major success.

Beginning in the 18th century with a yearning for freedom typical of the



ECOLOGY
CAN WE SURVIVE UNDER CAPITALISM?
By Gus Hall
The author holds that the workers and the ghettos suffer most from pollution and that only a socialist system can save us from eventual extermination by the poisoned environment.
Illustrated by ANTON REFREGIER. Paperback $1.25
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS 381 Park Avenue South New York, N. Y. 10016

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Enlightenment, Hasidism moved gradually toward a fervent search for authenticity, truth. From the clear and perfect faith of the founder we move to the school of Pshiskie, born "under the sign of anger and anxiety" and to Rebbe Nachman of Bratislava, whose complex tales have the resonance of Kafka. At last we come to Mendl of Kotzk, "Mendl the dark" as he was called, who states, early in the 19th century: "I don't belong here; this is not my place." Here is a modern voice.

Lionel Trilling, in his essay, "The Fate of Pleasure," points out one of the most extraordinary developments of modern times. The common, universal assumptions of man, as expressed in Wordsworth's preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, that the natural goal of man is pleasure and satisfaction, have been replaced by a desperate urge toward authenticity, no matter how painful the road or how unsatisfactory the final result.

The driven sages of Pshiskie, Bratislava and Kotzk were demonic searchers after truth, authenticity—even God could not stand in their way. They challenged the principles of the Enlightenment not long after it was born. Wiesel says of Mendl that his was a life lived under the sign of revolt, first against his father, then against his Master and, in the end, against his admirers. "His rebellion gains in audacity and intensity, he aims it at all creation and sometimes even beyond. . . ." Kafka and Beckett came at the end of a long tradition of silence and metaphysical rebellion, not at the beginning. And in his Northern country, Kierkegaard was, at the same time, asking the same questions, suffering the same pride and despair.

This obsession with truth is, for me, Hasidism's finest moment as Wiesel describes it. Mendl of Kotzk, speaking in rage and irony, says, "It is written that God looked over his work and found that it was good. . . . I am more particular, more demanding than He." He admires—Pharaoh. "What a fellow," the Rebbe marveled. "He didn't cringe as soon as the blows started falling; he persevered." Or: "The Messiah will come and there will be nobody left to redeem." He struck at all the taboos of the movement. In his opinion it spoke too much of love and perfection. He wished to save Hasidism by redefining its objectives.

He was somber and withdrawn, often preferring silence to prayer, and in him the movement seeks truth more than joy, more, even, than faith. He is the link between the Hasidim and our own time.

Hasidism, thus, is described by Wiesel as a movement that begins in simple joy (the word Hasid means fervor) and ends, in Kotzk, "in throwing off despair with despair . . . prison become sanctuary." On finishing the book one has the sense that the early Hasidim must have had: that no matter how complex the locks in the universe, all doors are potentially open; that one may be a Jew (read: human being) to the extent that one can be oneself. But one also has the sense that to be human since the later Masters is to live in a shrinking universe with a hidden, silent God.

"Once revealed every secret is diminished," Mendl of Kotzk said. But the secrets Elie Wiesel tells us are not quite revealed; they are shared, questioned, transposed. Finally, *Souls on Fire* is a dialogue about a continuing conversation between Man and God. A conversation not without bitterness, but not without its reconciliations.

It continues, in surprising revival, in the streets of Brooklyn, and in small towns in Europe, Asia and the Near East. Not the least of its astonishments is the fact that a young writer named Elie Wiesel, born in Hungary, separated from God and men in Auschwitz, should have found his way back far enough to make us the gift of these rediscovered poets and antagonists of faith and doubt. The book in which he does so has been translated with great sensitivity by the author's wife, Marion Wiesel. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Sean O'Casey's *The Shadow of a Gunman*—written in 1922 about the Irish troubles of 1920—is a perennially topical play (Sheridan Square Playhouse). For while its time and background are specific, its pathos extends beyond its background. Though its "story" may be deemed analogous to what is happening at present in Ulster, the play pictures most historical periods of turmoil and bloodshed. It reveals how the events of such epochs affect "little people." The scale is not that of the epic which one associates with revolutionary insurgency, but the intimate, the commonplace. The great issues are reduced to the personally ridiculous and heartbreaking.

The ground tone of O'Casey's play is one of fear and confusion. The heroics are absurd, and there is something clownish and terribly sad in the moment-to-moment action. The bumbling terrorist gets himself killed before he can accomplish his mission; the bragging, drunken fool spouts empty belligerencies while shivering in his boots at the approach of possible danger; the desperately frightened sluggard is superstitious, prayerful and in every way ineffectual; the sacrificial "idealist" encounters sudden death because she engages in the struggle for freedom without plan or calculation.

There are ignorant myth makers, who think of the brave rebels as if they were hallowed movie stars; they are a chorus of gossips who glamorize the rumor of slaughter until the fact itself threatens to touch them. Along with these people is the poet who wants to stand aloof, to observe, deplore and mock, while harboring a bitter consciousness that he is also something of a poltroon.

O'Casey's genius makes this society at once savagely funny and shatteringly poignant. We laugh and at the same time are made impatient and angry by its fecklessness. We ache from an inability to intervene and help. There is inescapable pain in our mirth.

The spectacle is Irish in detail, universal in meaning. The writing is colorful, savorous and melodious even in its malapropisms and in the sometimes too facile (music-hall) jokes. The language reeks of life. We feel the damp, the discomfort, the dirt and the insularity of the environment, but we cannot entirely scorn it because its inhabitants are our family, our "relatives." They are maddeningly thickheaded, yet we love them. This "little" play is a masterpiece.

I have seen it before in two different productions. The present one is the best acted. Bernard Frawley is hilarious and touching as the most intimidated of the characters, one who seems totally unconscious of the political struggle going on, bedeviled only by the ruckus his next-door neighbor makes all night. Jacqueline Coslow is unassumingly tender and devout as the patriotic girl whose ignorant valor leads to her violent death. John Heffernan is entirely convincing as the rancorously addled and shiftless fellow whose only desire is to live in obscure safety as long as he is allowed the privilege of berating his own and his country's fate. Leon Russom, as the poet who quotes Shelley idolatrously as a solace and support, while caught in the shadow of the fray, is modestly subdued, as it is well he should be.

The production, directed by Philip Minor, honorably serves O'Casey, who though a recognized "eminence" is still a somewhat neglected folk playwright. See *The Shadow of a Gunman*!

Twelfth Night is not one of my favorite Shakespeare plays. Still I have seen productions of it that were replete with poetic enchantment and comic zest.

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BEGGAR

All day I have walked
with my hands hung out
in front of me.

The birds that flew to my feet
were disappointed to find
that I knew nothing of song.

It is Autumn and the trees
have turned to hammers.
I have always been a poor man.

J. P. White

But now at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre I do not know what the play means or is supposed to mean in sentiment, thought or entertainment. Irate after the first act (the second is a bit livelier), I came out with the cruel determination to declare that the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is boredom institutionalized.

In bewilderment I turn for enlightenment to Harold C. Goddard's excellent *The Meaning of Shakespeare*, with its sometimes farfetched but always stimulating interpretations. (Goddard, now deceased, was head of the English Department at Swarthmore College from 1909 to 1946.) He states that "if in *The Merchant of Venice* [Shakespeare] exposes the hollowness and even cruelty lurking under the silken surface of a leisured society, if . . . in *Much Ado About Nothing* and *As You Like It* he tears the mask off wit and word play, he does all these things at once in *Twelfth Night* . . . but does them so genially that his very victims were probably loudest in their applause. . . ." Going even further, Goddard suggests that "The theme of the main plot as well as that of the enveloping action . . . is rescue from drowning: drowning in the sea, drowning in the sea of drunkenness and sentimentalism."

This may or may not be so, but such a reading of the play might possibly lead to a fascinating stage embodiment. What distresed me about the *show* at Lincoln Center is that there was no way I could "read" it. There were some pretty pictures, some good-looking costumes (without real character), two engaging performances, several fatal pieces of miscasting, and a lot of quite listless acting. But there was no core of intention, no clear line to hold the play together. It was just another item in the season's program. There is no justification for producing Shakespeare (or any other dramatist, for that matter) unless one hopes to say something, to achieve something—even if it be merely boisterous fun or extravagant romance.

Only four actors were wholly intelligible in speech: Rene Auberjonois, Leonard Frey, Stephen McHattie and Philip Bosco. (Clarity of speech is not a matter of technical proficiency alone: it also results from definiteness of dramatic impulse.) Blythe Danner, usually a most delectable actress, besides having some vocal trouble of probably recent origin, appeared almost insipid, as if uninterested in the role of Viola. Martha Henry, customarily decisive, did little, as Olivia, but recite. Moses Gunn, ordinarily forceful, seemed to be directed toward a characterization which, whatever it may have presumed to connote, denatured him. Cynthia Belgrave as Maria drew a blank. Sydney Walker's Sir Toby hardly existed except for effort and words.

Auberjonois as Malvolio had energy and a degree of comic verve, but there is more to the personage than that: Malvolio should be as pathetic as he is silly, more worthy of respect than the ribald creatures who beset him. Leonard Frey's Aguecheek traced a certain woeful depletion that makes the poor sap touching. George Pentecost as Feste sang nicely (though I prefer the simplicity of authentic Elizabethan tunes and a less framed staging of them) but needed a more defined character impress to provide the melancholy note which, within the merriment, exists in the part.

I often fail to notice productions —even when they are hits—when my reaction is entirely negative. That is not due to any supposed "kindness" but to indifference, distaste or dejection. (One show some people liked I could only describe as "nostalgia for ugliness," another is a thriller which failed to thrill me. In any case I don't care to be "excited," shocked or frightened unless the occasion provides some merit or value over and above these sensations.) I have expatiated on *Twelfth Night* because it is time that utterly superficial or routine productions of important texts be denounced as such, precisely because they come wrapped in an aura of "culture," education and serious artistry. They add nothing to the gaiety of the nation—except perhaps to kids, old or young. □

DANCE / Nancy Goldner

Event No. 26, which Merce Cunningham introduced during his company's run at the Brooklyn Academy from February 1 to 13, was a nonstop dance composed of sections from several of his earlier ballets (*Scramble, Suite for Five, Cross Currents, Canfield, How to Pass, Kick, Fall and Run* and the complete *Loops*). Beyond the fact that these selections shared a mood of good humor and lyricism, their being performed as though they made one ballet was an enjoyable and successful refutation of the idea that works of art can exist only in the exact context for which they were created.

On this occasion, each selection was a good-sized chunk of the work for which it was originally made. It could be argued, then, that the evening was nothing more than a "great arias of the opera" concept—except that Cunningham rarely choreographs the equivalent of an aria and that the selections ran continuously, making, in effect, a new ballet. Cunningham was, in fact, throwing out a gentle challenge to one of the criteria by which we judge art. He was asking if a work need be so constructed that, if one part be removed, the whole structure topples and the extracted part becomes unintelligible. Some critics require works of art to be made that tightly. Explications look for the interrelatedness of things. Cunningham, I imagine, requires that each part, each step, be so interesting and self-sufficient that it can stand by itself.

This attitude is one reason why Cunningham's ballets are so fascinating and peculiar. It accounts for the intense concentration that typically pervades his work. His steps have an isolated quality, as though the particular step that one happens to be watching at a particular moment were a ballet in itself. One also gets the feeling that if Cunningham does not find a step worth watching for itself, he will not use it. For him, there is no such thing as making a movement in order to get to another movement.

He uses no throwaway steps, no quick, little unaccented steps employed to arrive at the accented pose. If it happens that he wants to maneuver his dancers into a certain lineup and it takes some doing, he will not "dance" them into it, since the intent is purely functional. He will have them run or walk there (gracefully, but more or less as you and I would do it). It is not done under a popular aesthetic banner of the day—that dance can be "real" movement. It is simply that Cunningham will not choreograph when faced with a technical problem that does not naturally resolve itself in choreography.

Cunningham's method makes the individual step resonate with importance. It allows for segments to stand by themselves and, as *Event No. 26* proved, to stand alongside others from different ballets to form a new ballet. Does this preclude, then, making ballets in the first

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place? Why aren't all of his programs Events? Because his whole ballets do have identities that are connected with and dependent upon their wholeness. However, they have several identities. *Event No. 26* broke down one category, which relates to titles; and made another, which is distinguished by mood or tone. Perhaps another Event will extract and regroup steps; it would be time-consuming but theoretically possible. *Event No. 26* did not deny the special meaningfulness of whole ballets, but it proved that other meanings are possible. Similarly, Cunningham's use of randomness (a word some people make a derring-do about) does not deny the concept of artistic order, but extends that concept to mean that it can exist under varying circumstances and in different combinations.

Cunningham ballets are not genetic structures, and even though *Event No. 26* borrowed from here and there, it was not a mutation or a hybrid. But it did make one consider how often we ask works of art to function like genes and chromosomes, and feel cheated when they don't. Also, it disproved the assumption that a work is forever bound by intent because the artist selects purposefully, that the materials themselves and their arrangement are inexorably marked by the function the artist gave them.

If I dare use the word ballet now, Cunningham presented three new ones this season. *Landrover* is magnificent in its totality, segments and steps. It is divided into four parts, alternately allegro and lento. On some programs, only the first two or last two parts are presented. Generally, Cunningham seems to have been interested in contrasting fast and slow speeds. Pertinent to this idea is one moment when a slow-moving group moves in on a fast-moving group with the inevitability and power of a tidal wave. Then equilibrium is found for a moment, so that the two groups seem like ocean and bay lapping at each other. It is a glorious moment and the most subtle use of the quick-slow interplay.

The quick parts in themselves are truly buoyant. The continuous entrances and exists, none overlapping but rapidly successive like rounds of bullets, are pure energy. The supported jumps are quick, the thrusts in the shoulders and back sharp, the feet nimble and pecking. The slow parts are extremely slow, daring and suggestive. In the second section, some dancers make their way across the stage on the balls of their feet. They balance on one foot and place the other in front with such deliberation as to suggest that if one "mistake" were made in foot placement, all would be lost. (At the performance I saw, the sounds introduced in this section reinforced the scariness of the dancers' journey.) At last the group finishes its cautious march. The dancers then balance in place and in unison bend their knees slightly and straighten them, like a wire spring in slow motion.

In the last slow section, there is one moment when a couple stands intertwined. Cunningham walks over to them and places his hand above their heads. Slowly his hand lowers, and slowly the couple sinks to the floor. It is like a ceremony of death, or marriage, or benediction. One thing that you feel for sure is the tremendous pressure that Cunningham's hand is exerting on the couple, although he never touches them. At another time, Cunningham quickly throws himself on the floor with all of his weight, except that his head does not quite touch the ground. The control of the slow parts and the sheer lightness of the fast ones are in both the overall shape and the specific movements—though it is usually the specifics that contain the gold.

There are many other wonderful things about *Landrover*. The dancers move in an especially group-related way. Follow-the-leader games are implied, with a movement ricocheting off one to land in the next, but in a slightly varied form, usually from the tilt or angle of the dancer. There are suggestions of repetition and parallel dancing. Again, it is subtly done. The same movement may not recur until three people have bounced on and off, doing different things. While one is stretching her leg, another will be doing the same stretch but in a spatially unrelated area and at a different angle to the audience. Occasionally the group spirit breaks out of purely choreographic manipulations into a story of sorts. In the first section, for example, a few people who have been dancing together form a cluster. Now one woman enters. She thrusts her shoulders frontward and backward and dances around the group, as though trying to elbow her way in. The group does not move. She moves away, toward them again, and then away. With a last shoulder thrust, she runs off the stage. Her dance suggests ambivalence and yet agitation. It is a striking portrayal of the odd man out.

Meanwhile, each movement of *Landrover* is thoroughly interesting and beautiful. I would enjoy seeing them in an Event composed of steps; one has been watching the ballet step for step. As for an Event of sections—the above mentioned solo, for example, derives some of its dramatic effect from the preceding section, but it would not be deprived of context if done by itself, though it would feel different. *Landrover* does have an accumulative impact, but it is one of many impacts and might be the least important. □

THE BED

light is blind
fingers its way its outstretched hands

corners reach out
become walls

we exchange what we've seen of suffering
the salt of my body
surrounds you

Barbara Hughes

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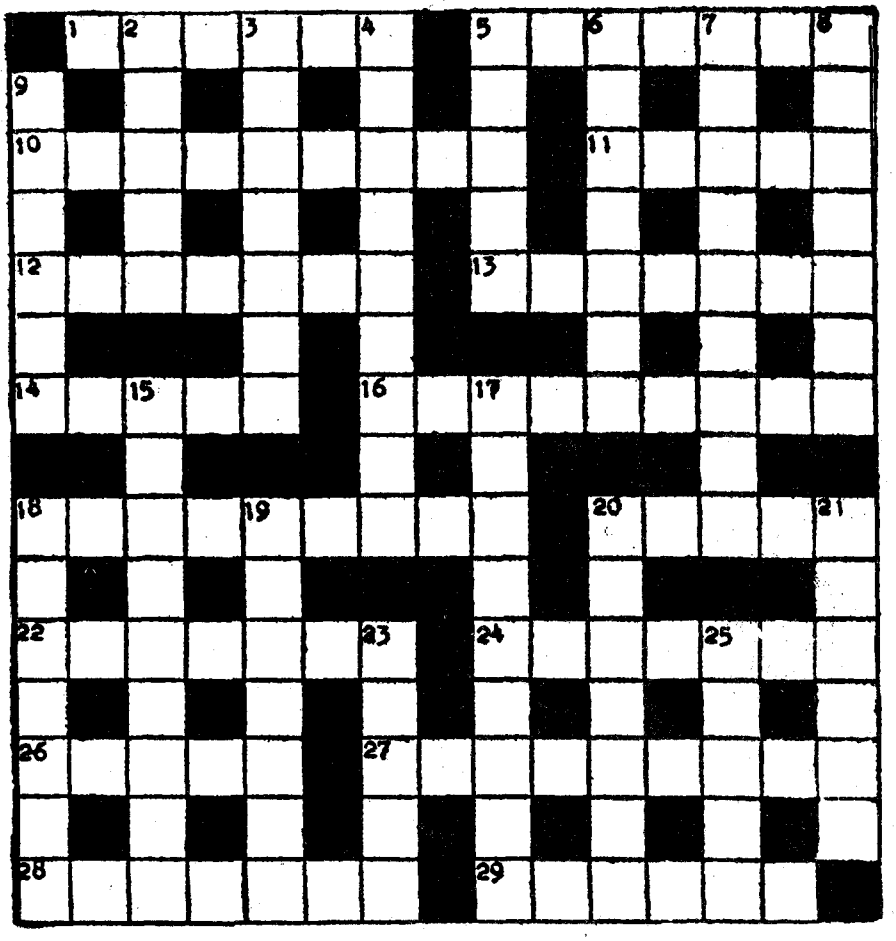
Crossword Puzzle No. 1434

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 across Doesn't suggest the operatic type from Seville—from New England, rather. (6,7)
10 Bunyan's profession seems to be moving along rather clumsily. (9)
11 Another method should show the unit of heat (5)
12 Rather divine amalgam of gold given to Mr. Eisenhower. (7)
13 One who vouches for the track around both poles? (7)
14 See 2 down
16 In case Katey helps make the bread? (5,4)
18 Half way to the bank? (9)
20 Sounds a bit divine! (5)
22 Sort of warm to dine, so no cooked meal would answer. (3,4)
24 Descriptive of how the fourth line of "Twinkle, Twinkle" starts. (7)
26 Turner composition of Anglo-French articles? (5)
27 Did Tweedledum and Tweedledee resolve to be so? (9)
28 The last of the race with time spent behind bars. (7)
29 Provides the funds to act in all points. (6)

DOWN

2, 14 and 23 down One wouldn't necessarily spit bullets so. (5,2,3,5)
3 The title of the book he diverted is obvious! (7)
4 The best kind might be on your writing machine. (5,4)
5 One hundred and seven of Shakespeare's acts of man might be confining. (5)
6 Part of the church service has a preliminary bit of music with it. (7)
7 It wasn't the newspaper crowd that used to fill requirements for service. (5,4)
8 Compunction concerning dots and dashes? (7)
9 Loud but not heavy running. (6)
15 You might expect it a red, wet seacoast.
17 Is bad air blamed for being worthy of approval? (9)
18 The Elgin type should prove more valuable than the alley type. (7)
19 See 25 down
20 Bread to make for a mission, as it may be. (7)
21 Move back—it sounds like you have to scatter again! (6)
23 See 2 down
25 and 19 Sub-equatorial? (It's not fair!) (5,3,4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1433

ACROSS: 1 Simple majority; 8 Afterthought; 10 Decoctions; 11 Peri; 13 Relate; 14 Eye-level; 16 Boudoirs; 17 Coolie; 20 Hindustani; 22 Mediaevalist; 23 Scarlet tanager. DOWN: 1 Standard bearer; 2 Meticulously; 3 Lorication; 4 Mohair; 5 Journeys; 6 Ruhr; 7 Social register; 9 Reevaluating; 12 Bloodstain; 15 Artifice; 18 Advent; 21 and 19 Bearable.

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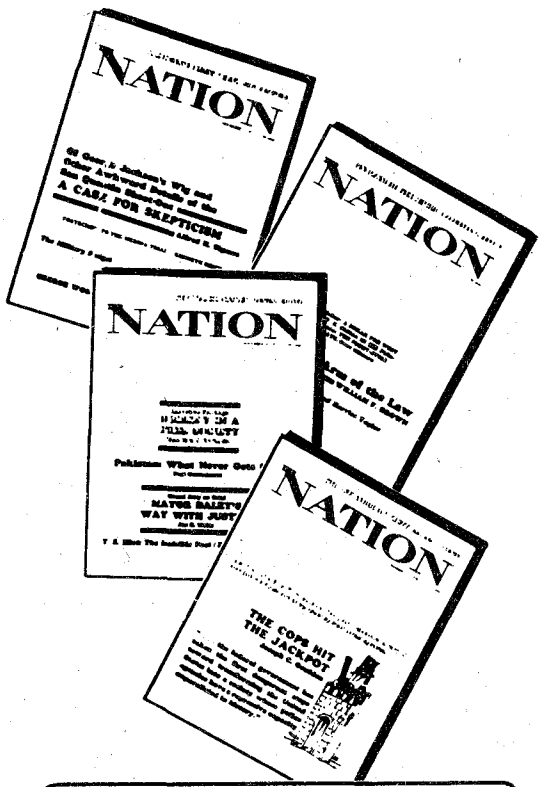

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